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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

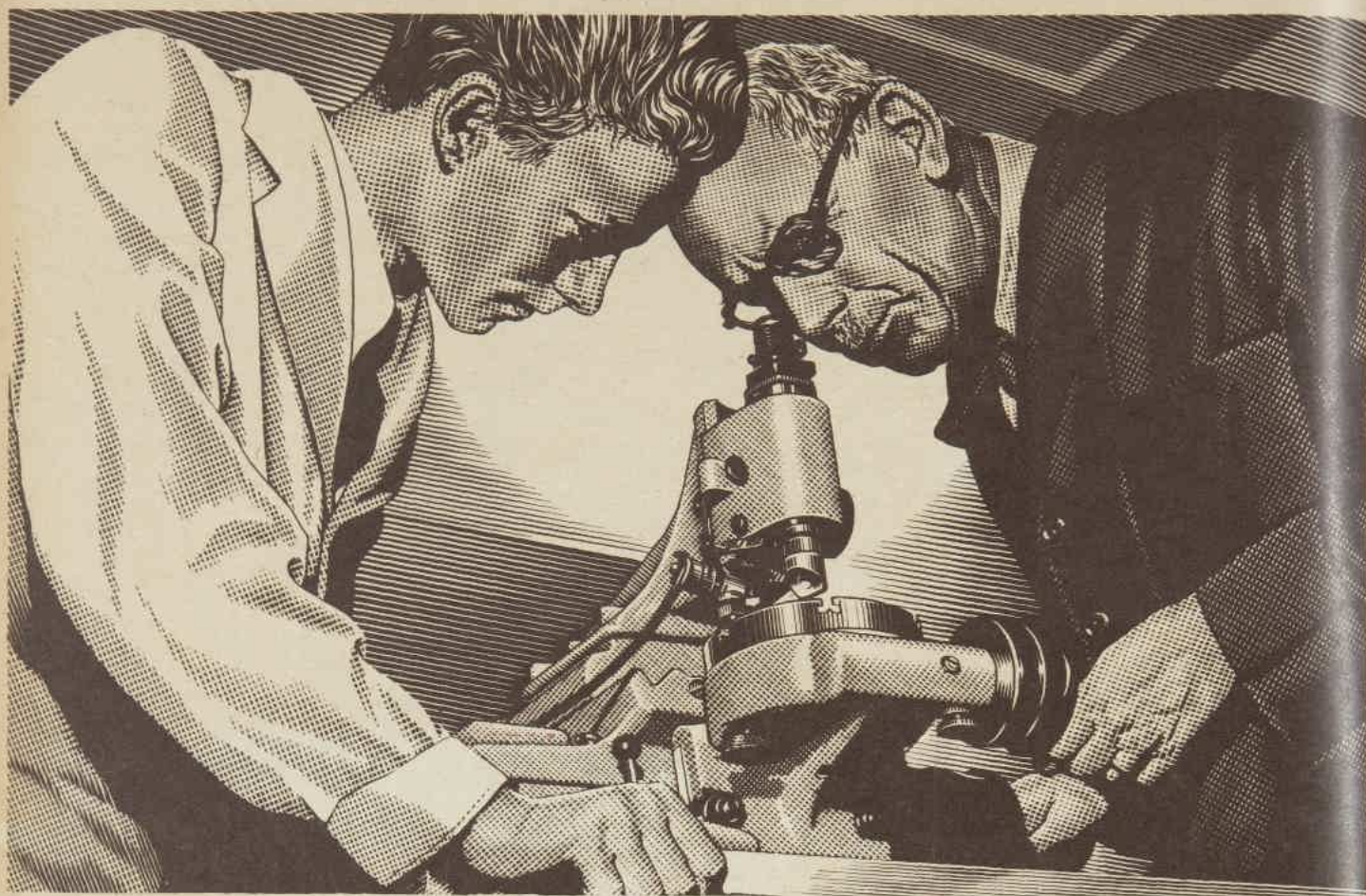
MAY 28, 1952

PRICE



Birds in the bush — See pages 16, 17

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OF SWITZERLAND



"Where did you get this?"
I gasped, horribly aware of
Gastineau's appraising gaze.

The Patient at PEACOCKS HALL

I was a relief to find that the next day began quite normally for a Sunday. I fear I leave the worst of my paper-work—and there is no end to it in these days—to Sunday morning, and I settled down at about a quarter to eleven to a mountain of reports on hospital patients.

The only unusual element that morning was provided by Rhoda. Once or twice I wondered if she was ill. She bustled about as if she were thinking of spring-cleaning, and for ten minutes we had a wrangle because she objected to my clothes.

I was very comfortable in old slacks and a rather worn twin set, but her remarks on my "slovenliness" became so worrying that I went and changed just to be rid of her.

She left me alone after that, but I heard her go out to the back gate several times, which was puzzling, for no one goes calling in Mapleford on a Sunday.

The sound of the car pulling up on the road outside filled me with sudden apprehension that Gastineau had come for me again.

I got up and tiptoed across the

room. I pulled the curtain back half an inch, and the next moment stood petrified, every nerve in my face tingling.

John Linnett was standing at the small iron gate.

For a long minute I simply did not believe it. He looked much older, and there was a touch of apprehension in his expression which I had never seen there before. The car he had come in—a low roadster covered with dust—stood in the lane behind him, empty, so he was alone.

Of course. The explanation of his sudden arrival broke over me like a wave. He had come to find me because Francis was at Peacocks and I was supposed to be attending her.

My scattered wits came together with a jerk. I felt my expression setting and becoming hard and brittle and very bright. If I had had any sense at all, I supposed, I should have expected him to appear on the scene sooner or later.

I threw open the window at once. "Hello, John."

"Ann." He came stamping over the garden, his hands outstretched. I saw suddenly how thin he was and

how the bones of his face stood out. "My dear girl, thank heaven you're all right."

It was the most unlikely and most unexpected approach, and it floored me as nothing else would have done. He took my hands through the window and looked anxiously into my face.

"What's happened? What's the matter?" I came at once, of course.

The whole thing was beyond me. My new hard cheerfulness cracked completely. I was only aware that he was there, trying to get into the house, and apparently through the window.

"You look all right," he said with relief. "You haven't altered at all. In fact, you're better. What is it, Ann? What's happened? I got the telegram early this morning and I've been driving ever since."

There was a passage of stupefied silence from me and a movement from Rhoda lurking in the doorway. "I sent it." Her tone was flat and her face expressionless, save for a faint gleam of belligerence in her eye.

"I put your name, Miss Ann," she

went on, "because I thought that Mr. John might not remember mine. As soon as you came in last night and said you weren't satisfied I knew it was my duty."

The barefaced wickedness of it took my breath away, but the thing that foxed me utterly was how she'd known where to send. She answered that one as if I'd asked the question.

"I got a letter yesterday from my niece in Southersham. I was going to tell you about it, but you were too busy to listen. She told me that they'd heard down there that Mr. John was attached to the hospital at Grundesberg, in Northamptonshire, so last night, when you'd gone to bed, I got on the telephone and sent him a telegram."

I said nothing. There was nothing to say. She gave me a defiant stare and opened the door.

"I've got my lunch to see to," she said, as if I was thinking of disputing it. "I'm doing something special because I expected Mr. John. You still care for pancakes, I expect, sir?"

"I do," he said without thinking, and returned to me. His expression

during the war, news reached her that her fiance, DR. JOHN LINNETT, had married Francis Forde.

Ann is already worried over the disappearance of a dangerous drug from her car. Later, at the urgent request of PETER GASTINEAU, she agrees to escort a sick woman by ambulance from London to his large home, Peacocks Hall, then reaches the given address to find only a strange man and a deaf woman, who tells her the ambulance and patient have left.

Visiting the patient that night, Ann finds that she is Francis Forde, under the influence of alcohol. Gastineau's attitude is disturbing, and RHODA, Ann's housekeeper, predicts trouble from the affair. Ann continues her story.

was not only anxious now but somehow frightened.

"I thought you sent it," he said. "I thought you wanted me for something. The telegram just said, 'I think you had better come at once, Ann Fowler,' and gave the address."

It was his dismay which got me. The utter disappointment came out so clearly that if I had been only half as sensitive where he was concerned it would have reached me. I found I knew him as if he had never been away.

"If you've driven from Grundesberg this morning, you must be exhausted," I said hastily. "Sit down and I'll get you a drink."

He laughed, and it was a laugh I had known from childhood. "I haven't even shaved. The thing got me out of bed at dawn. What's the mystery? What aren't you satisfied about?"

"Rhoda got scared by something I said last night," I began with a casualness which was not convincing even to me. "I was called out to a new patient and she turned out to be . . . Francis Forde."

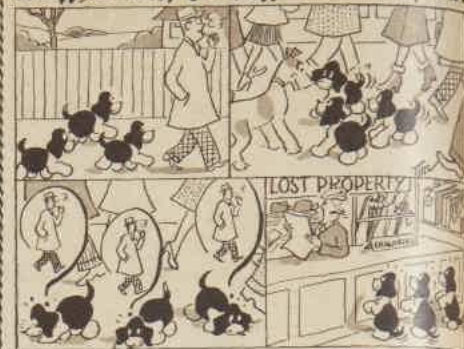
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Instalment two of a four-part serial by **MARGERY ALLINGHAM**

The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



JOHN'S disinterest was startling. "Oh," he said, "is Francis Forde down here? I thought I read somewhere that she was setting up as an advertising model."

I swung round to look at him blankly, and he took the glass from my hand.

"I've not seen her for four years," he said slowly. "I shouldn't get involved in any of her machinations if I were you, Ann. She's a dangerous piece of work."

I don't drink whisky as a rule, but I had poured one for myself, and now, in sheer absent-mindedness, I swallowed it almost whole, nearly choking myself. I had tears in my eyes and was gasping for breath, and I said the first thing that came into my head. "John, what happened to you?"

He met my eyes steadily, but he was ashamed, even frightened, and desperately miserable. "I don't know, Ann."

That was all, but I knew about it suddenly or I knew a very great deal.

Because I wanted to talk to him so badly and found it so easy, I asked John about Grundsberg.

"Understaffed and overcrowded. The usual story in that kind of district," he said easily. "Just the place to catch up on one's general work. I've been there nearly eighteen months, ever since I was demobbed."

"But I thought—" I began, before I could stop myself. "I mean, I thought you came out in 'forty-five."

"No," he said coolly. "I got some extended leave then, and set about making a fool of myself in a pretty big way, but after that I sneaked back into the army and went to the Far East."

"Hence the . . . silence," I murmured.

He said nothing at all. He did not even look at me. Rhoda saved us by a remarkable entrance, the silver soup tureen which we never use held high.

Then John began to enjoy

himself. He began to laugh and to tease us both indiscriminately. No one mentioned the telegram. I think we forgot it deliberately.

After the meal we sat by the fire, chattering as contentedly as if we were back in my schoolroom at Southersham.

I spoiled it. We were talking of his life in Grundsberg and he was giving me a highly comic if horrific description of the lodgings he shared with the other house surgeon when I said suddenly, without excuse, "Are you still married to that woman, John?"

It was like breaking a gaily colored bubble. The light went out in our little make-believe Sunday afternoon of a world.

"Yes," he said, and added flatly, "I suppose so."

I said nothing more, and after a long time he began to talk. At first I hardly heard what he was saying, because I had made the panic-stricken discovery that his being there made the kind of difference to my life that color makes to a landscape. It made it sense.

"I shall stop making excuses for myself," he was saying; "there aren't any. When I realised exactly what I had done, I decided that I was mental and I went right away. I meant to stay away, and I did." He turned on me with sudden anger. "Ann! I was all right until I got that telegram!"

"So was I." It slipped out before I could stop it.

He lunged clumsily out of his chair and caught me as I sat, pushing his rough cheek into my neck and holding my shoulder-blades with heavy, well-remembered hands. There was no helping it; no stopping it. I put my hands into his hair and held him close while my heart healed.

Percy Ludlow had to tap at the french windows twice before we heard him at all. The room was fairly dark, but he is not exactly blind, and he was pink and apologetic when at

Continued from page 3

last I got over there to admit him.

He had walked across the meadow with a packet of the endless papers which dogged our existence, and at first he was disposed to thrust them at me and depart, but I forced him to come in and be introduced.

"This is Doctor Ludlow, John," I said. "I told you I'm his assistant. . . . And this is Doctor Linnett, Doctor Ludlow. We were brought up together in Southersham."

Percy gave me one of his sidelong glances. "I formed the impression that you were old friends," he said primly. "I can't think why I haven't heard of you before, young man. She's a very close young woman, Doctor Fowler, almost secretive."

I THOUGHT that at any moment Percy was going to inquire how long "this" had been going on, when Rhoda came in without ceremony.

"You didn't hear the phone, did you?" she said. "It's the gentleman from Peacocks, and you must go down to see her. He said he'd come for you if he didn't hear."

"Eh, what's that? Is that the foreigner?" Percy started. Rhoda, who had not seen him.

"Mr. Gastineau." I glanced sharply at John to see if he would recognise the name, but clearly it meant nothing to him.

Percy granted. "A woman down there now?" he inquired.

"I understand it's a Madame Maurice," I explained cautiously. "He brought her from London yesterday and fetched me up late to look at her. My impression was that she was mainly tipsy."

"More than probable. Perhaps you'd better run down, though, eh? Doctor Linnett and I will have a smoke until you come back. It won't take you ten minutes."

I left them and got into a coat faster than ever in my life, and was out on the road in less than five minutes. I drove as if I were flying. The whole world seemed to have suddenly turned inside out and become marvelous. I knew nothing of John's story except the one thing that I suppose really mattered to me. He was in love with me still.

Whatever had happened was nothing to me. There was happiness ahead, useful lives and happiness. It never occurred to me to remember I had something to forgive.

I pulled up outside Peacocks with a screech of brakes and a flurry of gravel.

Radek opened the door to me. His English was more than sketchy, but he bowed to make up for it and said, "Come, please," and led me to the staircase.

I ran up it, I remember, striding across the landing behind him with an eagerness I had not known since my student days. Grethe opened the bedroom door to me, and I noticed that she was very pale.

It was not so dark as on the night before. There was still some light from the windows and there was a lamp by the bed, but when Gastineau rose up from the shadows by the fireplace he took me by surprise. I had not expected him to be sitting there in the semi-darkness.

As I caught sight of him and was about to speak, I heard something from the bed that sent a chill through me. I turned away from him abruptly, so that he stood with hand still outstretched, and went over to it.

Francis Forde lay flat on her back, the light from the reading-lamp full on her face. She was breathing very slowly, with the deep, stertorous respirations of coma, and her face was almost unrecognisable, it was so congested. I took her hand and it was as flaccid and limp as a doll's.

No one came near me as I made my examination. I was

quick, but as thorough as I knew how, and every new discovery filled me with more and more alarm. She had no reflexes.

I could not believe it. I tested her again and again, motioning to Grethe to come closer and give me the help I needed. It was no good. I tried her eyes and found the pupils semidilated, which puzzled me. Her temperature was up a little, not very much.

My bewilderment increased. This was no logical continuation of the condition in which I had seen her hours before. At midnight this woman had been suffering from acute alcoholism, not very serious, and one of the simplest things in the world to diagnose. Now she was in a deep coma which could have only one end unless a miracle intervened.

I put some questions to Grethe, who answered them promptly, and my suspicions grew into terrifying certainty.

"How long has she been breathing like this?" I inquired.

The woman shrugged her shoulders and looked blank, so I put the vital inquiry into words. "What has she taken during the day? What drug?"

This time Grethe decided not to understand me at all. She appealed to Gastineau, and he came forward into the ring of light.

"This morning she was very excitable," he began softly, "almost demented. No one could do anything with her. Then at last she dropped into a sleep. At first no one worried, but at four o'clock Grethe came up and was frightened. I think."

Grethe nodded vigorously and turned away. I didn't realize that she'd gone out of the room until I heard the door close softly.

"I shall need her," I murmured. "Will you call her back, please? I am afraid Madame Maurice is very ill."

"I will ring in a moment. Before that, though, there is something I should say to you, doctor." He looked towards the bed. "You know who this is, don't you?"

I was silent a fraction too long, and I heard him sigh.

"Of course you do. Francis Forde, one of our leading film stars. A face that is very well known."

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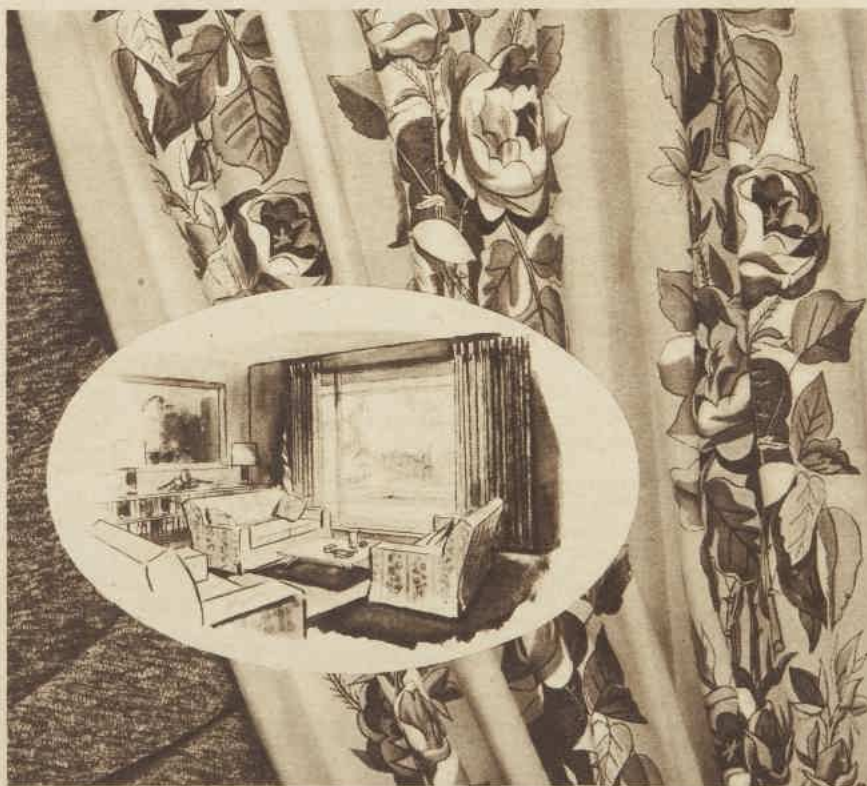
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No tears for Mary

A short story complete on this page

By JUDITH CARR

I'M not a sentimental woman. Confidences appall me, and I receive them with a blank indifference that might be expected to discourage them. But it seems just as virgin snow calls for footprints so this very indifference invites secrets.

I knew, as soon as I saw the fragile old lady, that she was mine, my cross for the holiday. Those white hairs, I guessed, told of a hard life, a life of tragedy that would be unfolded to me in instalment after painful instalment. That pathetic air of self-reliance was merely a foil to the helplessness of age and loneliness. Oh, yes, she was mine, and I knew it.

I got up, making a half-hearted effort to avert the inevitable. But as I passed her table she clutched my sleeve.

"Excuse me," she said timidly, "but are you English?"

"Yes," I answered ungraciously, "I am."

"I thought so. Would you be very kind? You see, I've forgotten my glasses and I can't read my bill. And the waiter doesn't seem to understand."

I took the little white slip. "A hundred and thirty lire," I told her.

"Oh, thank you. Thank you so much."

We left the cafe together and I walked back with her to her hotel. "I shall go to that cafe every evening, I think," she confided. "I may run across you again."

Reluctantly I shouldered my cross. "To-morrow night," I said, "I will look for you."

She flushed. "Oh no, my dear, I didn't mean that. No, you don't want to be saddled with an old lady like me. You go off with some gay young things and don't bother about me. But if I do happen to meet you again it will be very nice."

I was feeling neither particularly young nor gay, and her loneliness hurt me in the place where my heart used to be, and so I went to the cafe the following night and found her.

We met every evening after that. Her name was Mrs. Sinclair. Her son had died in his teens, she told me, and her husband had been killed after one short year of marriage.

"We came here for our honeymoon," she said, and she blushed—she actually blushed. "Carlo, that's my husband, you know, was half Italian. He had big estates in Tuscany. However, all that's gone now." She sighed and was silent for a time.

"But we were happy then," she said suddenly. "Very happy—just like those two. Look!" And she nodded towards the next table.

Certainly they seemed happy. They talked in an undertone, their voices rising only occasionally.

"He's like my Carlo, very like him," said Mrs. Sinclair. Then the camera lies, I thought, remembering the faded photograph of the skinny, bright-eyed little man she had shown me. For this young man opposite was broad-shouldered, long-legged. I saw the muscles move under the polished skin of his bare arms as he flicked his lighter.

As it flared up it glimmered in his heavy-lidded eyes and at the girl's eager face under the ash-blonde fluff of her hair. He leant forward. "Mary," he said softly, "sei bella, cara."

"Aldo," she whispered his name.

"... not at all unlike me at the same age," Mrs. Sinclair was saying. "You may find it hard to believe I was pretty, but I was ... you can see he really loves her. Look, his eyes never leave her face. Yes, he has a tender heart, that man."

I looked. He was tough, tough as they come and playing a well-learned part. Liking the girl perhaps, desiring her certainly, amused and flattered by her admiration. But tender—no. And she? Perhaps she really cared.

Mrs. Sinclair's story seemed to have reached its climax. I struggled to pick up the thread. "... and so Carlo was killed before I could ask him if it were true. But I knew it was a lie and I was glad afterwards that I hadn't mentioned it. It would have grieved him that I should even doubt him. No, there was never anyone in Carlo's life except me ..."

Her voice rambled on, picked over the faded skeins of memory. At last she was silent.

"I suppose you spent many happy days here?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, so many," she sighed, and closed her eyes for a moment. "That is why, when I knew I had to have this operation, I decided to come here for a few weeks. The memories will help me gather strength." Her eyes lingered happily on the lovers. "Just like Carlo," she repeated.

I watched them, too, charmed by Aldo because he was ardent and gay, but his smile was calculated. The quirk of his eyebrow, his indulgent laughter, the way he stretched out a hand to smooth back her hair, all were weapons of a practised campaigner. I knew. I'd once loved a man like that.

Most nights, after I had seen Mrs. Sinclair back to her hotel, I used to walk along the road up towards the

mountains until I had shaken off the web of sentiment she wove.

One evening I saw Aldo. He was with a girl I had noticed around the town. They were standing very close together in the deeper shadows of a group of palm trees, but for a moment they were held in a white blaze of headlights. I walked quietly on after the vanishing tail-light of the passing car and they did not hear me, or if they heard me did not care. I wondered who would have been the most shocked to see them there—Mary or Mrs. Sinclair.

A week later, two days before Mrs. Sinclair was to leave the town, Aldo and Mary arrived later than usual at the cafe. Mrs. Sinclair guessed at once. "It is their last evening," she said. "Look, she's been crying."

She was right. The girl's eyes were fixed with pathetic attention on his face, as if she were caressing and memorising every feature. I think she loved him.

"How sad he will be," said Mrs. Sinclair.

I wondered, remembering the girl under the palm trees. "She need not cry," said Mrs. Sinclair, half crying herself. "Because he loves her. Next year she will come back, or he will go to her, and they will marry, as Carlo and I did."

Cruelly I contradicted: "Long before next year he will have forgotten her."

"No," she said, with complete conviction. "He won't. He loves her as my Carlo loved me. He won't forget."

I realised then how completely she identified herself with Mary and how much this most trivial love affair had meant to her. And I was glad that she was going away soon before the illusion was destroyed.

As I crossed the brightly lit square the night before Mrs. Sinclair was due to leave, I suddenly saw, walking slowly in front of me, arm in arm, Aldo and a girl, the dark-haired girl of the shadows. Her head leant against his shoulder and he was laughing down into her face. Still there was the quirk to his eyebrow, again there was the tender twist to his mouth. I guessed at once that they were going to the cafe.

Compassion struggled with commonsense for a moment, and won. I hurried after them and touched his arm. "Excuse me," I said, "may I speak to you a moment?"

Surprised, he stopped, releasing the girl's arm. "But certainly, Signora," he said.

Stiffing embarrassment, I said: "It's a little difficult to explain. I—we've seen you in the cafe every night."

"Yes. I have noticed you, of course." His intimate smile flashed with automatic gallantry, but I was sure that he had never even seen me.

"My friend, an old lady, is very ill, very lonely. She has been watching you with—with your other friend. She spent her honeymoon here, and somehow you remind her of her dead husband, and it has been important to her to think that you were in love."

He was silent, puzzled. I wished I had never begun.

"You see," I went on, "to-morrow she goes away, happy because she thinks that she has seen two people really in love. If she saw you to-night ..."

I glanced towards the dark girl, who was shifting impatiently from foot to foot.

The empty charm, the assumed interest fell from his face; sincerity was left, and pity. "I do understand. It is strange." He brooded.

"So if perhaps ... another cafe?" I mumbled.

The old lady lived in a world of memories, reliving the happy hours she had spent here with Carlo.

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"Of course. And thank you. You are kind, I think." He walked back to the girl and spoke rapidly to her in Italian. Relieved, I saw them turn away, retracing their steps. As they went, he looked round once and smiled.

I went on to the cafe, silently cursing Mrs. Sinclair and her foolish illusions, self-consciousness still burning in my cheeks. But annoyance vanished at the sight of her thin face. She was paler than ever now, and trembling.

"I shall be so glad when it's all over, dear," she said.

I realised then that she was going to die and that she knew it, and my small sacrifice of time and my petty embarrassment seemed very insignificant.

But she was looking for Aldo. "Where is he?" she said. "It's very late."

"I don't suppose he will come to-night," I said. "I expect he will be too sad to come alone."

"Oh, no—he will come. To sit here and remember her. He cared so much. He will surely come."

Suddenly Mrs. Sinclair touched my hand. "Look," she whispered, "there he is."

He came in slowly, his eyes on the ground. He did not even glance at us. He sat down, put an elbow on the table, and leant his head on his hand. He stared unseeingly across us and through the open doorway to the dark gulf of the sea, as intense in his despair as he had been ardent in his lovmaking. He was a good actor.

Mrs. Sinclair stifled a sob. "Look," she said in a triumphant quaver, "look how much he cares. Just like my Carlo."

You see, she was right. He had a tender heart.

When I wrote to her in hospital they told me that she had died under the anaesthetic. Perhaps it is just as well that she never knew about Aldo and me. We got to know each other after she left, and we are married now and very happy. She might have understood, but I am afraid she would have wept for Mary.

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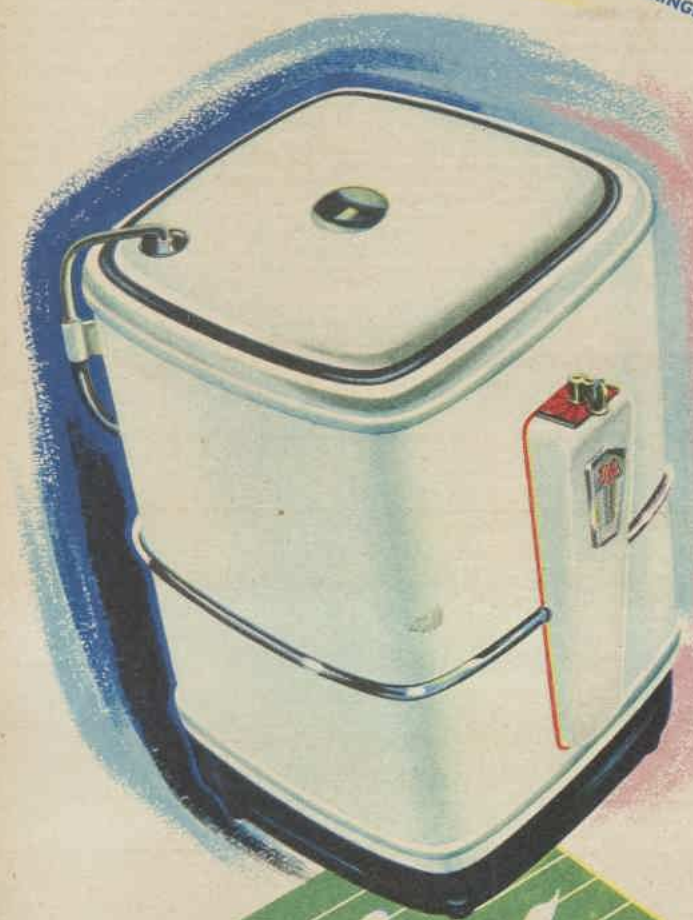
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Wife on Strike

By HUMPHREY KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED
BY FISCHER



"Haven't you washed up the breakfast things yet?" David asked sternly.

Nothing worked out as expected when Joy deserted the kitchen for culture

It all started when Joy gave David's old trousers away to a tramp. The tramp didn't hesitate to take the trousers, but David took umbrage and Joy took up culture.

If Joy had not been so impressionable none of these things would have happened. But all her life Joy had been easily moved. As a child, she had wept over dead birds in the garden. Now, as a young wife, she was quizzically generous to tramps and always believed the excuses of her charlatades.

So the tramp got the trousers, and David was very annoyed. He knew he was bolting the wardrobe door after the trousers had gone, but that did not stop him from reprimanding his wife. Joy lost her temper. David was rather surprised.

He did not see why she should not take a little husbandly criticism in the spirit in which it was meant—though that spirit was pretty mean.

David had a great "thing" about his old corduroy trousers.

"I," said Joy furiously, "didn't know you wanted the wretched old trousers. You hardly ever wear them—"

"I wore them when I felt like it

"The last time," Joy reminded him acidly, "was the morning after the Old Boys' dinner."

"You should not have given them away without my permission," said David, who wisely was not going to argue about the morning after the Old Boys' dinner.

"You can't expect me to know the exact state of your wardrobe. It's taken me six whole months to get it into anything like a decent condition."

"Part time," said David.

"Meaning?"

"If you took your duties as a wife more seriously this wouldn't have happened. You can't even keep pace with my socks. You just keep one pair ahead of me. . . . And I'd like to tell you now," said David with masculine indignation, "that there's nothing more irritating to a man than not having several pairs of socks to choose from. But you don't care. If you did care about my clothes, you'd have known how fond I was of those trousers."

"For pity's sake, David. You sound just like a broken love affair."

"That's exactly what our marriage has become."

"Marriage," said Joy bitterly.

"Why didn't you take a housekeeper? That's all you think of me."

"They cost more than a wife," said David unwisely.

Joy felt wronged. David's love should have been great enough to forgive and forget the trousers; but it wasn't. The quarrel at least had one positive result: Joy did try to be a better housekeeper—and a better cook—that is, when she prepared a meal she said to David, "I think the soufflé's quite successful, darling, but, of course, a professional housekeeper . . ."

It was in such a mood of resentment that she attended a lecture (after mutinously darning twelve pairs of David's socks) at the Women's Institute. The subject was intriguing: *The Dominance of Man*.

The hall was crowded, and it was obvious that the speaker, a Miss Alloes, had an attentive audience. She lifted a badly manicured hand and started the lecture.

"Man," said Miss Alloes harshly, "resents change." The audience sighed and the sigh said quite plainly: How very true.

"And because Man hates change because emotionally he is not truly progressive, women find themselves to-day—where?"

The audience wondered where they found themselves, but they did not try very hard. Miss Alloes was the woman to tell them.

"We find ourselves dominated, bound, restricted, not only by the demands of our homes and children but by masculine pomp founded on very little circumstance! We are walking about the world to-day convinced that we have almost won the battle of the equality of the sexes. Nonsense!"

Joy, completely under the sway and sound sense of Miss Alloes, wanted to shout, "Hear, hear!" but, since the rest of the audience just sat, she remained silent.

"But this," continued Miss Alloes wrathfully, "is not all." She stopped and took a careful sip of water. Joy watched, fascinated by the tricks of a speaker who at least had a feeling for drama if not for continuity.

"Our culture is curtailed." Thinking of all David's socks, Joy agreed.

"Our lack of opportunities for cultural pursuits is making us to-day ignorant, supremely, dreadfully ignorant, of the things that matter!"

Miss Alloes took a long drink of water and then launched herself into her lecture. She talked of the glory that was Greece, of art in our time, their time, and everybody's time, right back to the dawn of history. Was there a lady present who had ever heard of Sengrit, a 12th-century Slav painter of impish talents? There was not.

Did any housewife present ever read—nay, have time to read—some

of the 14th-century morality plays in the original script? Such a jolly mixture of French and Latin derivations.

And music, not, please, the food of love—for look how the fruits of love chained women—but music, the cold, distilled ecstasy of Bach, the absorbing interest of some early Chinese music—"When you know that they used only three notes: you will see what I mean. I hope you will shortly hear what I mean!"

Miss Alloes ended with a clarion call to women, "Defend your liberty and your right to culture. Fight for time for the things that matter. Challenge, oh challenge before it is too late, the philistine domination of Man."

Miss Alloes sank back exhausted. The audience, also exhausted, filed out in a stunned silence. Joy left in a dream-like state. Miss Alloes, though often incomprehensible, had been impressive.

Walki—home to the unsuspecting David, Joy thought about culture. She almost blushed as she recalled the first year of her marriage, of the phone calls to her mother, "David says there's nothing he likes more than puff pastry. Will you tell me how . . ."; of the time she had wasted in queues thinking of nothing, but offal when she might have been immersed in some ancient languages.

She stopped blushing when she recollected that she had received precious little thanks for it: "a wife cheaper than a housekeeper" and "part-time worker."

Now, after listening to Miss Alloes, she was convinced that if she did not at once challenge the domination that was David she would become as other wives—too broken by domestic duty to fight for "the things that mattered."

As soon as she got home, she went to the kitchen. There was a tin of beans, some salad left over from her lunch, and eggs.

She put the eggs on to boil, decanned the beans into a dish, and then went into the sitting-room in search of culture.

After half an hour's search through the bookshelves, she knew that a visit to the library was imperative. Apart from the collected works of Lewis Carroll (and he was much too amusing to be cultural), there were only a large collection of paper-backed detective novels and three bulky books, "The Home Darnier and Mender," "The Home Painter and Decorator," and "Be Your Own Plumber."

Sitting disconsolately thumbing through "Be Your Own Plumber"—Does your sink ever clog up? Of course it does!—Joy decided that at least she could begin by thinking culturally. She was just about to lift her mind away from waste pipes when David came home from work. He banged happily into the sitting-room.

"Hallo, darling. What's for dinner? I'm famished."

Joy winced, then she set her mouth in a thin red line.

Please turn to page 34

The Chinese Carpet

AWAKENING very early to the sound of the rickshaws going by and the voices of the garden coolies holding their singing conversations among the bougainvilleas and the petunias, Myra Paradine found it hard to believe she was not dreaming.

They were back in Hongkong and once almost nothing could have seemed more unlikely. They were back in their own bungalow, halfway up the Peak. Battered it was, and the worse for wear, but the bay below was blue as of old, the garden wilted in the noontime sun, the flower-sellers came around with their baskets of roses and carnations. And over all there hung the old familiar cloying and unforgettable smell of an Eastern city that she had never thought to smell again.

It was all so different, and yet it was so much the same.

Young people danced at the Grips, just as of old. Myra herself did not go any more. The war years at home had watered down her one-time zeal for dancing.

But Nonie, her daughter, who had been only eight when they all bundled off at a moment's notice to Manila, one jump ahead of the Japanese bombers, was there most evenings, held close in the grip of some nice young man. Having a wonderful time. Thinking Hongkong glamorous beyond all words, because she could not remember how it used to be in those carefree times before the war.

Nonie could not remember the old days, the glamorous parties, the silver-paper money rustling on its strings outside the selly-shops. She could not remember the orange lanterns and the dragon processions, and the shops so full of wonderful things. Carpets and silks, embroideries and velvets.

It still made Myra sick at heart to remember how lovely her home had been, and how, at a minute's notice, she had had to walk out and leave it. She'd had no time even to pack.

The looters had come in and helped themselves. The house, like all the other abandoned houses, had soon been gutted. It was bare still, though they had managed to get it clean. Straw mats covered the wooden floors.

There was no money now to replace the lovely things they had once had. For furniture they had an odd

assortment, picked up here and there as best they could.

What fun they had had when they came out newly married, she and Rodney.

I wasn't much older than Nonie is now, she remembered. Launch parties at Shako. Journeys to curious places on the mainland. It was all changed now. You could not get about any more. You were marooned on the island, like bathers on a moored raft.

On her honeymoon she and Rodney had gone up to Peking. Hand in hand they had wandered, a pair of lovers, round the Summer Palace inside the Forbidden City, with friendly smiling people all about them. It was no longer possible to do that. It was no longer possible to go to see old Wa Lee and choose your own colors and design and have him weave you a carpet.

In her mind she saw him again, cracked and wrinkled like a carved ivory figurine in a Chinese cabinet. He had come to the door of his shop, smiling at them.

"You buy nice carpet, yes? I make you one velly cheap. Last allee life."

Rodney had money to burn in those distant days. He wanted to buy her expensive pieces of jewellery. Being a vague girl, she knew she would only lose them, but a carpet, now!

"That would be something," she coaxed, her hand on his arm.

It was cool and dark inside the warehouse, full of the smell of spices and opium, with dust motes dancing in the sun shafts that fell through a skylight. Wa Lee brought out patterned carpets and bundles of wool and cleverly painted designs.

"You don't buy them ready made," Rodney explained. "You say what you want, and he weaves one especially for you."

They chose blue, the color seen on old ginger jars, with a buff dragon in the centre of it, because, said Myra, looking at the design on the paper before her, he had such a kind face.

And, because they were on their honeymoon, young and gay, and he liked them, Wa Lee wove in each corner a small true-lovers' knot, with their initials cunningly interlaced—his and hers.

"Velly special carpet," he told them when he showed them the finished article. "Bringing plenty good luck and fortune." Myra still felt like crying when she thought of that carpet, for it had gone, along with everything else.

"Cheer up, darling," Rodney had said. "Quite a few things will turn up, you'll find. Keep your eyes open when you prowls about the bazaar."

He was quite right. In a junk shop she found Nonie's baby mug, with her name on it in blue paint, and some of her Indian Tree dinner plates, and the tray that had be-

longed to their early morning tea-set, though the rest of the china had gone.

It was queer and uncanny, buying back bits of your own past. Ghosts, thought Myra, must feel rather like this when they return on a haunting.

One day Rodney came back excited, followed by coolies pushing a handcart. On it was their own linen chest, still packed and locked, just as she herself had left it. He had come upon it unexpectedly in a go-down, when he was looking for quite something else. Some thug had dumped it there, meaning to fetch it later, and had apparently been frustrated.

Myra's thoughts broke off as Nonie came in wearing her abbreviated shorts and open-necked shirt. She was going off again to play tennis with Dan Shea. Was I ever as pretty as that? Myra wondered. I hope so. A nice-to-do there would have been if I had worn that kit, she thought, smiling to herself. Yet how sensible it was and how hygienic.

MYRA'S thoughts were interrupted by Nonie sighing. "Oh, dear," she said, "how bare this room looks without its carpet." Myra looked at her, surprised.

"Can you remember it?"

"Of course I can. I believed the dragon was alive and I used to kneel down and tell him things."

Outside, Dan Shea blew a blast on his siren, and she ran off. I do hope, Myra thought uneasily, that she is not serious about that young man. But surely it was most unreasonable of her to feel that way about him! All the other Hongkong mamas were after him in full cry, and why, Myra asked herself, am I not among them? Rodney, she knew, felt the same.

Dan Shea was handsome and he was unfathomably rich. He had come East with his father, Lord Tangeley, head of a firm of food packers. He was charming (which was more than could be said for his father). He was handsome. Yet Rodney felt the same way about him as Myra did.

From the verandah she watched them drive away. Dan had an American car, long and slim as a torpedo, painted scarlet, and equipped with a savage chromium-plated dollar-grin in front.

"No boy of his age with a car like that can come to any good," Rodney had said when he saw it first.

"Why don't you like him?" Myra asked. He slipped an arm round her. She was still almost as slender as Nonie herself.

"Why don't you?" he countered. She said nothing, trying to put her

feelings into words. Then he did it for her.

"I can tell you. It's something primal, I suppose, that makes one prefer, deep down, courage to cash—those who went off and fought to those who wangled safe jobs—I forget which sort of essential work Dan did, but I am sure it was very essential." He said, after a pause, "Anyway, he's better than his father."

"I wish she'd marry Ian. He loves her, but he hasn't the time to go dancing round with her that these others have."

"Nonie a doctor's wife?" said Rodney slowly. "I don't know. Why bother about it? She's far too young to marry anyone yet."

"I was only her age—" "That's different. Look what a wonderful husband you had!" He kissed her. "Don't worry, darling. If Nonie is playing with the thought of marrying Dan, she'll probably think again when she's met his father. Don't forget we're dining there to-morrow."

"Oh, dear . . . so we are. What's he like?" she asked.

Rodney thought for a moment. "A stuffed owl," he said. "With far too much waistcoat. He'll put up a wonderful dinner. You should have seen the canned goods he brought with him! I have to tolerate him. My firm has dealings with him, but he's one of those persons it's hard to like."

Nonie wore her green taffeta. How lovely, thought Myra, to be able to wear green taffeta again!

But would it be? Youth has so many pitfalls. One can make, lightly, such terrible mistakes, and none of them is labelled so as to give you any warning. The young have to live their own lives, Myra thought. All we can do is stand by and hold the bandages prepared for the worst.

Her heart sank still lower as she entered the big hall where, under an elaborate chandelier, Lord Tangeley was pouring out drinks for his guests from a vast chilled cocktail-shaker. The house belonged to his firm, to whom it seemed nothing unpleasant ever happened.

Alone of all the big bungalows, it stood unscathed, full of prewar luxury and splendor. Rare jade, priceless Ming, wonderful curtains and carpets were all rather jumbled together. Rather like things in a museum where the curator is not very good at his job.

Lord Tangeley shook hands with her graciously. Rodney had been right. The beaked nose, the hooded eyes were definitely owlish, but it was his waistcoat that intrigued her most. It jutted out so far, so rounded, that the preposterous idea came to her that he had shelves inside it upon which were stacked in rows tins of the more delectable of his canned goods!

She had not failed to observe the long look Dan and Nonie had exchanged or how they had automatically drifted together into a corner. Rodney caught her eye and gave her a comforting wink. He knew what she was thinking.

Myra found herself seated on her host's right. Over the soup he talked to her of his town house, over the fish his shooting-lodge in Scotland. Over the duck and green peas they went cabin by cabin through his yacht. He also told her what the dinner-plates they ate off had cost him.

All he needed was a willing ear, so Myra gave him hers, and rested, thinking her own thoughts, covertly, watching Nonie, and hoping for the best.

Her eyes wandered, and suddenly she was aware of a curious feeling. She was looking at her initials and Rodney's entwined in a true-lovers' knot on the carpet beside her chair. She closed her eyes and saw again the cool, dark cavern of Wa Lee's warehouse in Peking. She smelled again the dusty spice smell of it and heard his thin old voice.

"Velly special carpet. Bringing plenty good luck and fortune."

"Why, Lord Tangeley," she burst out, breaking up his colorful description of a new peach house he was building back home, "Why, Lord Tangeley, this is our carpet!"

His Lordship did not care about being interrupted. He peered down resentfully.

"Oh, you can't be sure. They made dozens the same in the old days. Washed Peking, this is. A very fine specimen."

"But I know! It was woven especially for us. We were on our honeymoon. It has our initials . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY GREEN

The Australian Women's Weekly
Page 8 May 28, 1932

DOROTHY BLACK

Lord Tangeley had obviously lost interest in her. He was regaling his other partner with a long story of a struggling young artist whose pictures he, Lord Tangeley, had had the good luck to snap up for a song before anyone else had discovered him.

"Rodney," Myra whispered, grabbing her husband when later he joined them on the wide verandah. "That's our carpet in the dining-room. Same dragon, same initials. Go and look."

He came back elated.

"By jove, that's a real bit of luck. I always felt there was something special about that carpet. Do you remember buying it?" He gave her hand a little quick squeeze. "I'll go along and see the old boy to-morrow and tell him. I'll offer him whatever he gave for it."

"Do you think he'll let us have it?"

"Our name is still on the calico label they sew underneath. It's tattered, but quite decipherable. He can't very well refuse."

Rodney came in next morning, late for lunch and looking ruffled.

"His Lordship refuses to do a deal. He says business is business, and it does not matter to whom the carpet once belonged, it is his now! I told him it was looted from our place after we left. That did not interest him, either."

"He refused to tell me what he paid for it, so I made a few inquiries in the bazaar. He paid nothing. Chin Lon made him a present of it, no doubt in anticipation of favors to come, and Chin Lon no doubt just went along to our bungalow and took it!"

Nonie sat listening, looking from one to the other of them, her short gold hair falling about her small face.

Please turn to page 31

In argument they spoke
of a carpet, but the
thoughts of both centred
on Nonie.





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Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 52

May 28, 1952

A JOB OR A CAREER?

A VICTORIAN social studies expert said recently that many parents would rather see their children in gaol than wearing a pair of overalls.

There is nothing more silly and at the same time more tragic than the job snob.

This is the parent who pushes an unwilling child into a "clean hands" job for which he is neither mentally nor temperamentally fitted.

The "white collar" becomes a millstone round his neck all his life.

Another pathetic sample of the job snob is the young girl who won't be seen out with a boy who wears overalls at work.

Equally culpable are the parents who rush their children into highly paid jobs without a future.

Of course, in this respect children are often to blame.

They want to leave school and have their own money as soon as possible.

When they are offered at 15 or 16 a dead-end job with high wages, the inevitable day when they will be dismissed seems a long way off.

But the responsibility of giving proper direction and encouragement to children rests with parents.

Don't let your child drift into a dead-end job.

Don't force him into a job he is not suited to because it is "respectable."

He has only one life and only one chance.

BOOK REVIEW

IN past years G. B. Stern has given a great deal of quiet pleasure to readers who enjoy a novel concerned more with personal relationships than with action.

The weakness of "The Donkey Shoe" is that here Miss Stern, depending on her characters to carry the book, fails to make them live.

The story of Jessica Marwood, a leading actress of the English stage, and Damaris, the only child of her middle years, is told by the author as a parallel to the tale of the faithful donkey who is the companion of the brilliant racehorse.

Damaris, so loving, so content to play the lesser role, is the donkey, Jessica the splendid, photographed, and feted racehorse.

From the time she is six until she is 25, Damaris wants above all else to have her mother to herself—for preference living alone with her in the country and keeping animals.

First Jessica's theatrical engagements interfere; then a lover; next an admiring sewing-woman Jessica brings to live in the house; and finally a band of young theatrical friends whom Jessica, in her later

years, finds more satisfactory company than her daughter.

Damaris, a failure with her mother, disappointed in love, seeking popularity as a reckless exhibitionist, becomes a dipsomaniac.

While Jessica and Damaris never come alive as people, Miss Stern has drawn two highly successful minor characters. They are Miss Robbins, the former village sewing-woman taken up by Jessica, and Floy Seymour, Jessica's contemporary and professional friend and foe.

Readable enough, but with a hollow ring.

—Ainslie Baker.

"The Donkey Shoe" is published by Collins. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

LAST year The Australian Women's Weekly published Helen

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OUR COVER

The parent and child are white-cheeked honey-eaters. These birds feed chiefly on insects and the nectar of flowers, using their sharp bills to pierce the base of flowers and inserting long brush-like tongues to take up the honey. The red grevillea shown in the picture is a favorite flower.

This week:

● Mr. R. P. Cooper, who took the pictures of birds on our cover and on pages 16 and 17, tells us that "First find the nest" is a basic requirement in bird photography. The nest provides an object on which to focus, and the camera is set up awaiting the bird's return. The photographer has to take care not to frighten the birds, or they may desert the nest. Mr. Cooper usually places the camera on a tripod and operates it from a point farther away, using a string tied to the shutter release. Sometimes, when the nest is in a tree, he builds a tripod of bush saplings as high as 15 or even 25 feet. For birds which nest close to the ground he often works from inside a small camouflaged tent, using a telephoto lens. The cameraman needs endless patience, physical endurance, and a wide knowledge of his subjects' habits.

● An English member of our staff, looking at the Derby pictures on pages 12 and 13, was surprised to see more topers than Derbies worn by men. Derby hats used to be the correct wear, she tells us. The Derby hat, better known as the bowler after its originator, William Bowler, an English hatter, was also called the billycock after the first Englishman to wear it, William Coke. It acquired its third name when Lord Derby wore a grey model with a black band to the races at Epsom Downs.

Next week:

● Two pages of color pictures in next week's paper show scenes from "Quo Vadis?"—the most expensive film ever made. It is an M.G.M. production, set in ancient Rome under the Emperor Nero. Australia may see it some time this year.

THE DONKEY SHOE
THE SHADES WILL
NOT VANISH

Fowler's "The Shades Will Not Vanish" as a serial. This first novel by a new Australian author has now made its appearance in book form.

It is a gripping suspense story of a returned prisoner of war who visits the home of his dead friend to carry out a dreadful mission, and his relationships with the family he finds there.

Miss Fowler has a sensitive style. In simple, competent English she brings each of her varied characters to life with a skill seldom found in a young writer, and weaves the finely drawn sub-plots into the final climax of the main theme.

Her mental flashback to the Japanese War and its far-reaching effects on the prisoners who have to adapt themselves to a peacetime world which seems unreal in comparison is enthralling.

Those who already know the plot will find a new joy in re-reading the novel for its lasting qualities. New readers should make Miss Fowler's acquaintance now.

—Betty Best.

"The Shades Will Not Vanish" is published by Angus and Robertson.

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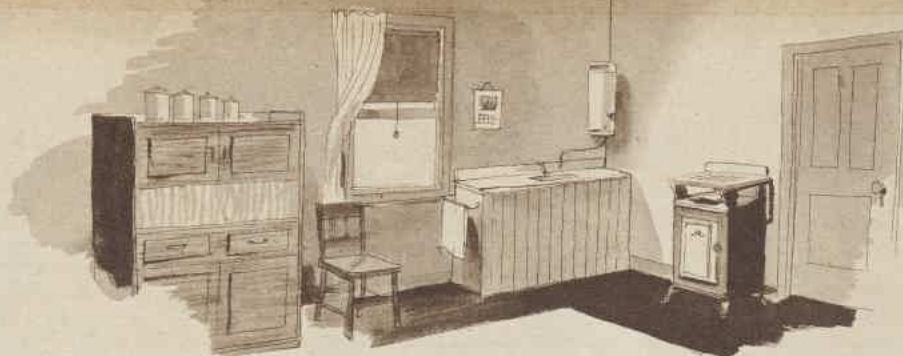
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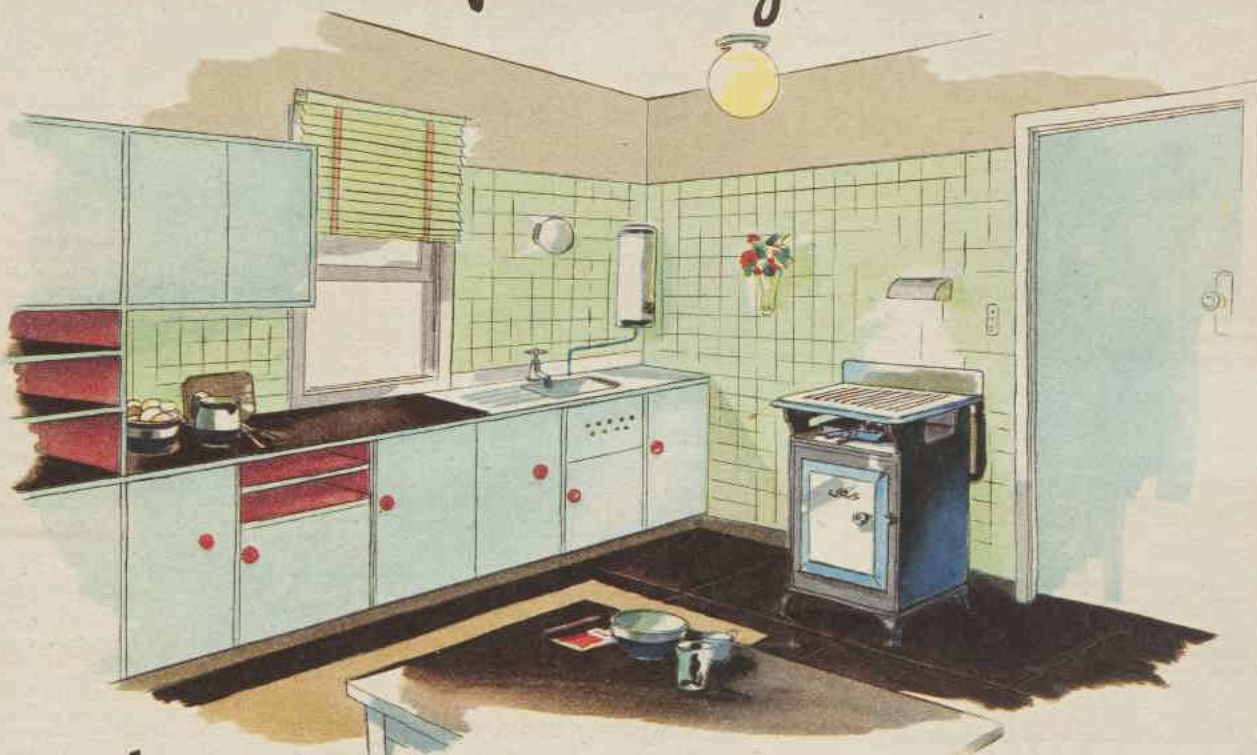
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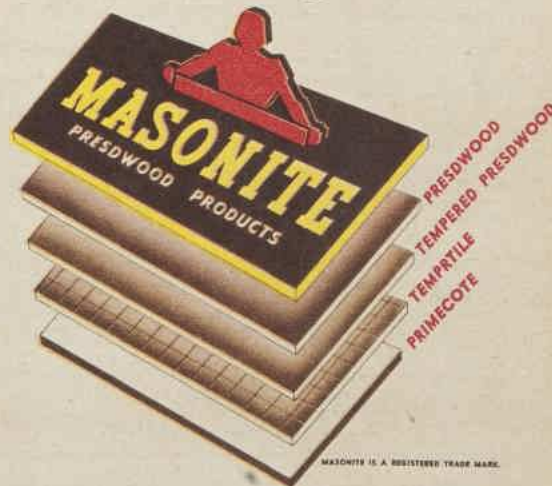
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DERBY DAY: "Top hats for the toffs"



PROUD MOMENT in a horse-owner's life is when his horse wins an English Derby. Last year's winner, Arctic Prince, an Irish horse, is led in by his owner, J. McGrath. Ridden by C. Spares, it won by six lengths.



ONE WAY to find out a good thing for the race is to cross a gipsy's palm with silver. The gipsies are one of the most picturesque features of the Derby.



EARLY-MORNING TOILET on the course and perhaps a hot tip from the barber.



AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY Rae ("Togo") Johnstone won the 1950 Derby for French owner M. Boussac, on Galeador.



READY for any weather. This woman, who attended the 1947 Derby, wore straw hat, white shoes, fur cape, and carried a raincoat.



THE KING'S LAST DERBY was in 1950. Last year he was suffering from influenza and could not attend. The late King and the Queen Mother, who were accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester, were met at the course by Lord Rosebery.

The Queen will be absent from Epsom this year

On Derby Day this year the Royal Box at Epsom will be covered with dust sheets.

THE Derby will be run on May 28, three days before the Court comes out of mourning.

No horses will be raced under the Royal colors this season. The Queen's horses are being run by the Duke of Norfolk under his colors and in his name.

There is a movement afoot to have the Derby moved from Wednesday, June 3, to Saturday, June 6, next year, because the Coronation is on June 2.

Many people feel the Queen should not be expected to undertake an important engagement the day after the arduous ritual of the Coronation.

The Derby is not the fashionable meeting of the season. Women keep their smartest outfits for Ascot.

Of the half million people who go to the Epsom Downs on May 28, perhaps one in ten will see the actual race.

For the rest it is the biggest picnic of the year.

Across the Downs the cries are heard: "Oh, wot a luvverly bunch of coconuts!" "Cross me palm with silver, lady," "Smashin' bit uv fish—luvverly food!" "Get the lot while they're 'ot!" "Join the toffs, buy a top 'at!"

The picnickers will enjoy plates of welshs, cockles, pigs' trotters, jellied eels, mussels, and fish and chips.

Then they will have a gipsy tell their fortune, see the fat lady, or try to win a prize on the hoopla.

Last year's Derby was worth £19,486 to J. McGrath, the owner of the winner, Arctic Prince. It was the richest prize ever for this race.

The Derby is a race over miles for three-year-olds. The runners carry even weights with a five-pound or three-pound allowance for fillies.

The first Derby was run in 1780.

In the 1770's Lord Derby was conducting a meeting at Tattenham Corner, then a highway crossroads.

In those days horses ran two heats and a final of a four-mile race in an afternoon. In 1776 Anthony St. Leon introduced a sprint of two miles at Doncaster. Four years later Lord Derby followed his example at Epsom.

The course has not changed much and is still considered the hardest in the world.

Tattenham Corner, familiar to all readers of Nat Gould's stories of the turf, has in recent years been rounded considerably, making it less dangerous.

In 1924 the Derby finally broke their 137-year run of bad luck when their horse Sansorine won. In 1933 they won again with Hyperion, and in 1942 with Watling Street.



GIPSIES run alongside the carriage in which King George the Fifth drove to the Derby in 1914, a few months before the outbreak of World War I. The year before a gipsy threw herself in front of the King's horse and was killed.

.. or a "smashin' picnie" on the Downs



PRINCE MONOLULU jokes with a group of policemen. The confident cry of this ageless identity, "Prince Monolulu's got an 'orse," is heard on every English racecourse.

CHEERFUL BOOKIE laying the odds at the Derby. This was in 1946, the first Derby after the war, and even the book-makers were in a benevolent frame of mind.



PEARLY kings and queens study the form before the running of the Derby. The race meeting is a big day out for London's costers, who picnic on the Epsom Downs.

The **Hotpoint** “Doubles Team”

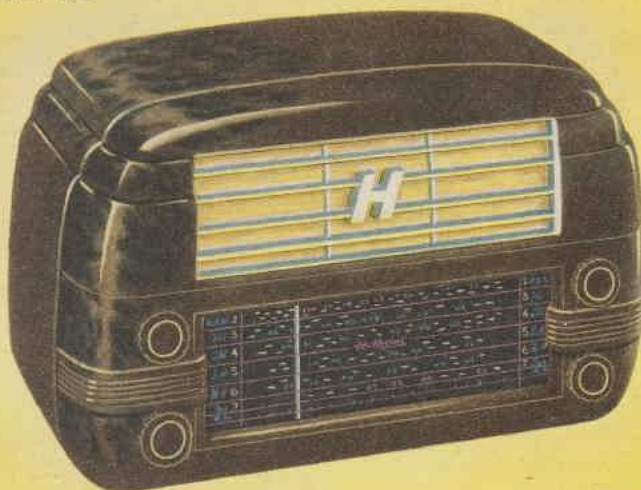
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Australian poet delves into murder

Aided in research by French detectives

From ROLAND PULLEN, in Paris

Alister Kershaw, 29-year-old bearded Australian poet now living in Paris, divides his time fairly equally between investigations of modern poetry and murder of no particular period.

He doesn't find this mixture of interests strange, because he considers murderers have something of the anarchic temperament of poets.

KERSHAW is just finishing writing a book on some French murderers. He is also watching over the production of the latest of his books of verse—a handsome hand-printed volume with engravings by Australian artist David Strachan, in which the text of the poems will appear in a facsimile of Kershaw's own handwriting.

The volume of poetry is being produced in Strachan's left bank Paris studio on a private printing press with the help of Jack Murray, a Dutch printer.

In the mornings, Kershaw watches work in progress on his poetry volume. In the afternoons he wanders down to the Quai des Orfèvres, the Scotland Yard of Paris, to browse over documents on famous murders in the police library or to chat with eminent French criminologists and detectives about notorious murderers of the past and present.

Kershaw likes his new-found criminologist friends. They like him. Now that the weather is pleasant, you will sometimes see Kershaw sitting in the sun with a detective on the terrace of a Paris cafe, drinking a Pernod and cross-examining him about his part in some famous case.

One of his most cordial interviews was with the Paris Chief of Police, who talked amiably for half an hour with Kershaw about the infamous Dr. Petiot, known murderer of 22 persons, suspected murderer or more than 60.

I was present at this interview, and, if all Kershaw's police contacts have been as agreeable and frank as this one, I should say his book about French murders should be a best-seller.

Kershaw worked after he left Wesley College, Melbourne, first as an announcer for the A.B.C. and later with the Department of Information.

He found this dull. But he says it was sufficiently interesting to give him material for a satirical novel—a third project, which he has temporarily abandoned because of the more engrossing interest of French crime.

Early success

HE published his first volume of verse, which he called "The Lonely Verge," when he was 22. A second volume, "Excellent Stranger," appeared when he was 25.

Kershaw sent copies of both off to British novelist-poet Richard Aldington, whose work he had greatly admired since he was 15.

Aldington wrote back complimenting him on his verse and on "the hard-hitting



POET ALISTER KERSHAW (right) with eminent French detective Inspector Jacques Delarue outside Paris police headquarters in the Conciergerie, where the guillotine was installed during the French Revolution.

prose" of his introductions.

The letter began a friendship which culminated in Kershaw's becoming private secretary to Aldington at Le Lavandou, on the French Riviera, three years ago.

He stayed on as Aldington's secretary until early this year, when he decided to move to Paris. The invitation to become Aldington's secretary was a triple pleasure for Kershaw.

It enabled him to get to know Aldington, the living writer for whom he has most regard; it enabled him to get to know from Aldington more about D. H. Lawrence, the English novelist and poet he esteems equally highly, and it brought him to France, where he had always wanted to live.

One of the few occasions on which for a few days Kershaw left the warm and highly colorful retreat of La Lavandou during his three years' stay was to visit London two years ago to marry pretty petite Patricia Wright, of Melbourne, whom he had met when he was announcing for the A.B.C.

Mrs. Kershaw, who was also an A.B.C. announcer, studied singing at the Albert Conservatorium of Music, Melbourne, and writes agreeable poetry herself. She is working as a receptionist at the Australian Embassy in Paris. In London before her marriage she was receptionist to a Harley Street doctor.

Kershaw was with Aldington when Aldington was writing his biography of D. H. Lawrence, which recently appeared in England. For Kershaw, Lawrence in his "Kangaroo" has written "the only book with real understanding of Australians and Australia."

Kershaw says that the way in which Lawrence captured the turn of phrase and spirit of Australian conversation and the Australian temperament in the opening chapter of "Kangaroo" after only a few hours in Australia is an astonishing example of Lawrence's mastery as a novelist.

Kershaw first became interested in crime as a subject for a writer when he read de Quincey's "Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts" at the age of 15.

By 16 Kershaw had read all Sherlock Holmes, and he says: "If I never become an expert on anything else I must insist that I am a fully qualified graduate in the study of Sherlock Holmes."

On the Riviera, Kershaw met scores of eminent writers and poets, including Somerset Maugham, Roy Campbell, and Henry Williamson.

Where possible, Kershaw has taken pains to check up on the spot the details of the lives and surroundings of many of the murderers he deals with in his book.

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depends a lot on TODAY...



To be radiant, energetic and free from minor ailments which take the joy out of living you must avoid Constipation. If you want to enjoy perfect health the natural way take Beecham's Pills, the purely vegetable laxative, tonight. Then you'll be really fit and ready for work or play tomorrow.

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WHITE-HEADED STILT, also called "Daddy Longlegs." The bird is found in swampy areas of Australia and in the islands of the north.

Nesting birds are not sitting shots

● Mr. Roy P. Cooper, an honorary ornithologist of the National Museum, Melbourne, exercised great patience and experienced many hazards to take these color shots of birds nesting. He tried

for 11 years to obtain a picture of a white-headed stilt (above) before he was finally successful in Victoria last October. In all, he has photographed 170 of the 700 species of Australian birds.



HOODED ROBIN. Only the males have the brilliant plumage, the females being plain brown. Hooded robins are found in most parts of Australia.



YELLOW-TAILED PARDALOTE differs from the common species, the spotted pardalote, by having a yellow base to the tail instead of a red.



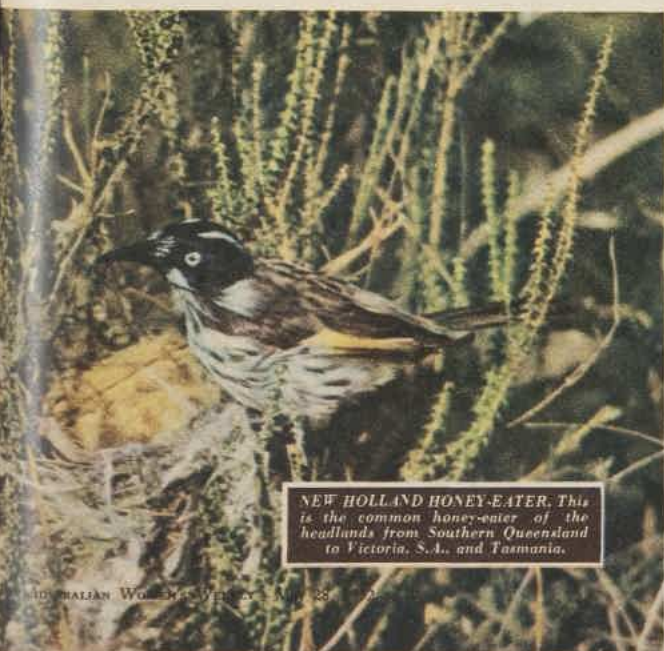
BLACK-BACKED WREN is one of the most beautiful birds in Australia. It is found only in the inland and is similar to the common blue wren.



WHITE-FRONTED HONEY-EATER is a bird of the inland, particularly the Mallee areas. The nest is built in the hanging bark on the trunk of a tree.



BANDED PLOVER is an Australian plover found throughout most of the continent, mainly inland. Although it is protected by law, it is often shot.



NEW HOLLAND HONEY-EATER. This is the common honey-eater of the headlands from Southern Queensland to Victoria, S.A., and Tasmania.



TAWNY-CROWNED HONEY-EATER is a denizen of the headlands. It has a beautiful series of call notes, which are heard at their best at dawn.

More natural looking Curls

unaffected by dampness, sun, heat, dryness, cold.

Richard Hudnut Home Permanent, because of its special Creme Waving Lotion, has always made hair springier and stronger after waving. That's why this salon-type luxury wave outlasts all others. Comb it, shampoo it, ill-treat it as you will—the curls still spring back with all the life and vigour of a natural wave... no frizz, no kinks, and so easy to manage! But now Richard Hudnut Home Permanent is even better than ever. NEUTRALISER BOOSTER has been added. It's a brand-new secret ingredient which not only makes curls even softer and more lustrous than before, but makes them so strong they defy the elements—it WEATHERPROOFS your curls, makes them last still longer. Try the economical Richard Hudnut Home Permanent REFILL. You can use it with any plastic curlers—it has everything else you need.

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IT'S Concentrated—32 SHAMPOOS FROM EACH 8-OZ. BOTTLE.

Its secret, of course, is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable; brings out the hair's natural shine. See how much easier your perm will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become.

FOOT ITCH HELPED 1ST DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. As fast as it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital Discovery called Nisoderm. Nisoderm stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal itself and smooth. Get Nisoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your foot itch or money back.

GOOD FOR YOU!
Meadow-leaf
TABLE MARGARINE



"I LOVE Fridays, don't you?"



"Then when I'm old I can sit by th' fire wit' my scrapbook an' remember th' bygone days."

It seems to me

THE etiquette of sitting on sofas is discussed in a pamphlet issued by the American State Department to young diplomats.

"Guests should not sit on sofas until asked to by the hostess," says this authority. "The right-hand corner is the ranking seat."

This information dismays me. Having made a bee-line for the right-hand corner of sofas in other people's houses for years, I now feel rather ashamed.

I did have an inkling that it was selfish. But I didn't know that I was taking the "ranking seat" and thereby assuming false importance.

The right-hand corner is obviously the more comfortable. Unless the upholstery is intimidatingly new, you can balance your glass and ash-tray on the arm at your right hand.

Which raises an interesting point for diplomats. If the ambassador were left-handed, wouldn't the left-hand corner become the ranking seat?

THERE are, of course, other rules of politeness about chairs which one cannot possibly ignore.

Whether the etiquette books mention it or not, it is a fact that in most homes the man of the house has a favorite chair.

You can easily tell which it is by watching his uneasy expression when he invites you to take a comfortable chair. His eye strays to his favorite as might a dog's if its kennel were about to be invaded by a covey of cats.

As one who subscribes to the Victorian view that it is wisest whenever possible to placate the man of the house, I invariably take another seat.

Funny thing, nobody ever considers which is the hostess' chair. Everyone assumes that as a wife and mother she doesn't sit down long enough to acquire a favorite.

INFLATION NOTE:—

Remember that old marching chant, "I had a good job for twenty-five bob and I left, right, left?"

A father reports that he arrived home the other night to hear his six-year-old son singing, "I had a good job for ninety-five bob and I left..."

BRITAIN is exporting herrings to Russia for the first time since 1914.

"Disgraceful," snorted a retired colonel when he heard this. "The fellows will only paint 'em red."

ADVERTISEMENTS in New York announcing the premiere of the film "Kangaroo," made by an American company in Australia, described Australia as a "prehistoric wonderland."

The ad. writer probably visited Sydney in winter.



Dorothy Drain

LATEST make-up to wear with spring fashions in Paris is called the "Dawn Look."

It is so called because it is "fresh, natural, and pink and white."

Some girls may look like that at dawn. Perhaps when they are 16...

I once knew two girls who lived in the same flat. One had her fair share of boy-friends. The other, a smashing blonde, had more than her fair share.

On the rare evenings when the blonde had no engagements it was her habit to spend a few hours on beauty rites. She would cream her face, put her hair in bobby-pins and clips, and tie it in one of those revolting brown setting nets that most females use in secret. A "Dawn Look" with a vengeance.

If the brunette had a man calling for her, she contrived whenever possible to catch the blonde between bathroom and bedroom and introduce her to the visitor.

"This is Blondie," she would say, to the blonde's fury; "you've heard me speak of her."

"I know it's mean," she would explain to her other girl-friends, "but so many of them transfer their affections that I just have to take what precautions I can."

A LONDON woman, tried at the Old Bailey for forgery, was described by the prosecution as "the best woman forger in Scotland Yard's experience."

Best WOMAN forger, mark you. Note the attitude of male superiority even in matters of crime.

THE Speaker of the Federal House, Mr. Archie Cameron, has compiled a list of expressions which members may not use. It covers seven foolscap pages, includes such words as ignoramus, imbecile, insect, mongrel, sewer rat, gasbag, jabbering nincompoop, and many others.

I crave the House's attention:

The Honorable Member who spoke—
Well, I don't wish to cause dissension,
There are things you can say of a bloke;
Or rather, you once were able

To refer to a spade as a spade,
And a lie was a lie, not a fable.
Where am I? My thoughts have strayed.

What I mean is, the Member's a fellow
To describe whom and make myself clear
I'd need language that's forceful and mellow,
Which isn't allowed me, I fear.

There are words I could use, they would stir you,
And many come ready to hand,
But the best I can do is refer you
To the list Mr. Cameron's banned.

DANGER
in the dark or
EVEREADY
flashlights
to the rescue



"WHAT'S THAT NOISE!"



"EVEREADY" TO THE RESCUE—IT'S ONLY THE BLIND FLAPPING



"I THINK I'VE GOT IT!"



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Make sure you always have your "Eveready" flashlight close at hand—and make doubly sure it's always powered with "Eveready" batteries. They give brighter light, longer life—and they're always reliable.



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Relax Sonny - there's a NYAL Medicine in the house

It's a wise mother who is prepared for any of the minor ills that visit every home from time to time. And it costs so little to have your medicine-cabinet well stocked with dependable medicines from the NYAL Laboratories.

Here is a small, but comprehensive, group of medicines that should be on hand in every home where there are growing children:—

NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP
NYAL CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE
NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA
NYAL FIGSEN
NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE



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NYAL FIGSEN is a gentle, natural laxative—ideal for the whole family. Easy to take, pleasant-tasting, FIGSEN comes in two forms: Regular (the favourite laxative for children and adults)—Double Strength (for adults who prefer a slightly more potent laxative action). Regular, 2/3—Double Strength, 3/6.



NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP is designed to give quick, soothing relief from coughs and colds. NYAL Baby Cough Syrup is pleasant-tasting, wholesome and dependable. Because it contains no opiates, NYAL Baby Cough Syrup can safely be given to babies from 3 months old. 2/9, 3/9.



After the weakening effects of flu, a reliable restorative tonic is often needed. NYAL CREOPHOS is the ideal choice. Containing Creatine, a penetrating antiseptic, and nine body-building ingredients. Three sizes, 3/9, 6/3, 7/6.



NYAL CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE is specially formulated for children between the ages of five and fourteen years. This pleasant-tasting syrup contains only the finest ingredients which help to soothe the throat and chest and stop constant coughing. 2/9, 3/9.



Stubborn coughs respond quickly to NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE for it acts in three ways. It soothes the inflamed membranes of the throat and chest—clears away congestion, making breathing easier, and brings soothing relief from irritating coughing. 3/9, 6/3.

Sold only by Chemists



NYAL Medicines are manufactured in these ultra-modern laboratories under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. Only the highest quality ingredients obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL Medicines.

Aussies put English dancers on their toes

From MARCIA PICKARD, of our London staff

For the first time in the history of British professional ballroom dancing English supremacy is threatened.

The threat comes from a team of Australians who have invaded England headed by Mickey Powell, of Melbourne.

THE Australians have been meeting the English in the second series of "test" matches. The first were in 1949.

Although the English triumphed in the professional ballroom championships in London, the Australians were way ahead in the following week's exhibition dancing "test."

With a miniature kangaroo tucked carelessly under his arm, Mickey Powell is a proud man as he leads his boys and girls on to British dance floors.

The team members are Jack and Joyce Bosley (Melbourne), Alf Davies and his wife, Julie Reaby (Melbourne), Alan Grant and Mascotte Powell (Melbourne), Laurel Wilson (Sydney) and John Blake (Melbourne), and Frank and Shelda Wrightson (Perth).

In 1949 Alf and Julie really rocked the dancing world. They came sixth in the "Star" Professional Ballroom Championships and third in the European Professional Championships.

Before this, only English competitors had ever been placed.

The Overseas Professional

Star was claimed for the first time.

"We caught them napping," said Alf Davies. "They had to hurry off and make a star specially."

For Alf and Julie the day of the "test" was like an endurance test.

They danced more than any other couple in the immense Empress Hall. From early afternoon to late evening they danced 106 choruses

Australia's victory

AS this issue was going to press, news was received that the Australian team had won a sweeping victory over Britain in the Australia v. Britain dancing contest in London.

— Viennese waltzes, jazz waltzes, tangos, foxtrots, quicksteps.

They won the European tango contest against the Latin traditional exponents.

They had never seen Spain, home of the tango, but after contributing to the side's win of the exhibition "test" Julie said she and Alf were seriously thinking of going there to perfect their style.

For the exhibition Alf wore a royal-blue matador's suit with matching pointed-toe suede shoes and a chartreuse shirt to tone with Julie's satin frock.

"All he needs is a wide-brimmed hat," said Julie.

An English fan, professional dancer Bobbie Barrell, said: "These two are the first outsiders who could come near the English."

"The main difference is that the Australian couples are more lively than the English. The English are like dolls dancing, but they have wonderful flow and smoothness."

"Alf and Julie learned their lesson well two years ago in England and now they've come back to us a classic 'English' couple."

"I watched them dance — they were so perfect I felt like weeping."

Alf is perhaps the most fanatical dancer of the team. He has an elaborate programme of exercises each day.

They include Indian squats to strengthen his leg and foot muscles and a stunt with three chairs, which he does 100 times a day to strengthen chest and abdominal muscles.

For her 18 months' stay in Europe, Julie has brought five dance frocks for exhibition work. Three of them have 90 yards of tulle in the skirt, and two of them have 50 yards.

All her frocks are in three pieces — top, overskirt, and underskirts.

They fit without folding into a special wardrobe trunk, designed by her husband in silky oak and maple. This wardrobe goes with her everywhere.

Alf's wardrobe is almost as elaborate.

He has regulation black tails



EUROPEAN TANGO CHAMPIONS Alf Davies and his wife, Julie Reaby, of Melbourne, the first Australians to win a place in the European Professional Ballroom Dancing Championships. Julie's frock has 90 yards of tulle in the skirt.

and dinner suits, his royal-blue matador's suit, and a grey gabardine set of tails lined with grey satin to match the frock Julie wears for a "champagne waltz."

Senior members of the Australian team are Jack and Joyce Bosley, who have been dancing together for 12 years.

Joyce says that if you looked upon dancing as a job it would wear you down, but to them it never ceases to be a pleasure.

When they return to Australia they will take with them

new steps for the "mambo," which they learned in Arthur Murray's studio in New York. Here they also learned a new dance, the "Peabody," which is having success in the United States. It is a variation of the quickstep. Joyce Bosley points out, however, that Americans dance very little strict tempo ballroom dancing.

"If they ever did they'd scoop the pool," she said. "They're such wonderful dancers, they're so relaxed."

Junior members of the team are John Blake and Laurel Wilson.

They also plan to stay in Europe for 18 months to pick up professional engagements.

Laurel has brought a wonderful collection of frocks from Australia, all designed by herself and made by her mother, Mrs. I. Wilson, of East St. Kilda, Victoria.

Neither of the pair is a full-time professional dancer. Laurel is a cashier and John a dental mechanic.

In London they are sharing a flat with team-member Alan Grant and Mrs. Grant.

They are already noticing the effect of English food on their dancing.

"Once I could eat a steak and two eggs and dance for four hours," said John, "but not here. The starchy food doesn't give you energy."

Alan Grant is a radio scriptwriter and palais promotes as well as a dancer.

He was out of the dancing game for six years with a war injury to his leg. But now, with his partner, tall, slim Mascotte Powell, he shows the advantage tall dancers have over short ones in elaborate slow exhibition dances.

All members of the team are unanimous in saying that Frank and Shelda Wrightson, of Perth, dance together in a way which is "out of this world."

Frank is dark and his wife is very fair. They got an ovation for their hot rumba at the inter-continental dancing tournament at Dusseldorf.

In the contest Australia was defeated only by Europe.

The team went on to dance at Hamburg, Luxembourg, and Hanover.

Pianist is a husband without a honeymoon

Twenty-four-year-old Viennese pianist Paul Badura-Skoda believes in early marriages. He has good reason for doing so.



ON September 19 last year, on the day he received his contract for his tour for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, this young artist said "I do" in Vienna to 22-year-old Eva Halfar.

SUGGESTION "Think of Eva" brought this smile and a few bars of "In the Vienna Woods" from pianist Paul Badura-Skoda.

"It was a beautiful wedding," said the boyish-looking Paul. "We were married in the 700-year-old Regensburg Cathedral. Weddings are not usually celebrated there, but they made an exception for us."

"During the ceremony the organist played only works by Bach. It was very solemn—I had asked for it that way. And Eva looked wonderful."

Paul never falters in his English when he talks about Eva.



WEDDING DAY picture of Mrs. Badura-Skoda, a Viennese of Norwegian descent. She was unable to come to Australia with her husband.

By FREDY YOUNG, staff reporter

young you can adjust yourselves to each other. Later you might become settled in those faults, and then it might not be so easy to adapt yourselves."

After their marriage, Paul and Eva lived in a flat lent to them on the edge of the Vienna Woods.

"We did not have a honeymoon," Paul said. "I had a concert four days after our marriage. We took the decision that we would make a honeymoon of all my tours, but our only honeymoon yet has been a week in Greece."

While Paul is playing his way round Australia, Eva is studying hard for her final examinations in July.

"That is one major reason why she could not come with me," he said. "The other is less ideal. With the money paid for a fare from Europe to Australia one could live for a whole year in Vienna."

Since the age of 16, when he decided to make a profession of music, Paul's life has been a success story.

"I am always surprised when I think of how fast I was well known all over the world," he said. "I have seen so many older artists who have worked so hard and they have not had what I have had. It still surprises me."

"My wife and I are the best of friends," he explained, "but when anybody sees us together they always think we are very angry with each other, because when we discuss about music we both get very excited and sometimes we have the biggest argument."

"My wife is a musician. She plays the violin very well, but that is not her profession. She is studying at the Vienna University to be a doctor of music. She studies the history and theory of music rather than the practice."

"When we first met at a friend's house two years ago the first thing we did was to have a great controversy."

"She did not like Verdi and other composers I like, and so we got into a quarrel."

"That is the way to become acquainted."

"Later we went to concerts together, and then we found that although we had different likes and dislikes in composers we had the same approach to music."

"When people asked, 'Aren't you too young to be married?' I said: 'Oh, no. Men have a lot of faults. If you marry

Children who need foster parents' love

State gives everything except true family life

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

"Georgie's hair is not red, it's h-orange," Diane said firmly. "He's got freckles and blue eyes and he's a good boy."

Diane is a five-year-old blue-eyed blonde and Georgie is nearly six.

THEY are two of the 100 children who are in the care of the N.S.W. Child Welfare Department and who are in need of foster parents.

These children have been so completely neglected by their parents that the State has been forced to take custody of them.

They are given ample food, clothing, medical care, and education by the State.

In fact, the State gives them everything except the irreplaceable intimacy of family life.

Similar government organisations function in all Australian States.

Last year in Queensland about 120 children were placed with foster parents. About 40 are still unplaced.

In Western Australia last year 311 children got foster parents. Approximately 457 of Victoria's 3246 State wards are in foster homes.

Latest figures in South Australia list 1021 State wards, 407 of whom are with foster parents.

At a State Children's Home I watched the youngsters in school and at play.

They were typical "littlies" of any suburban kindergarten, except that one little chap had an eye defect, another a leg in irons, and some had rashes and other ailments.

All these disabilities are being corrected by proper medical attention.

"The kiddies will all grow into healthy, lovely children," a pretty young social worker told me.

"Most of them have been so undernourished and neglected they haven't had a chance to grow properly yet."

"Lady, like a flower?" queried one small boy aged about four, offering me a battered frangipani. "I got it for you." He smiled hopefully into my face.

Several other children brought small, crushed offerings of wilted flowers.

An undersized fellow whom I had seen hopping about with a cumbersome leg-iron shoved a grimy little paw into my hand and muttered, "No flower—I can't find any."

He had given me a gumleai and a twig. They were still hot from his hand.

Kindly, white-haired Child Welfare Department Director R. H. Hicks told me about the big problem of caring for the children. He is a fatherly man with a real interest in each of the youngsters.

"To rehabilitate the family is the first objective of the department," he told me. "If we can get the home going properly again, then the children

are returned to their parents. "The best way for a child to grow up is with its own family."

"First, our trained social workers do everything they can to help the family, especially if the home is suffering through the ill-health of the mother or the desertion of one of the parents."

Mr. Hicks said that when these attempts fail the children are taken to special State Homes, where they are medically examined before being sent to homes with other State wards.

"Because one of the most important influences in a child's upbringing is the spiritual and moral influence of good family life, we try to get foster parents for each child," said Mr. Hicks.

"In many cases the child may remain with the foster parents for the rest of his childhood. In some cases the parents improve their conditions and have the child returned to them," he added.

Mr. Hicks is very proud of the children in his care, and showed me some pictures of the girls dancing in pretty ballet costumes they made themselves.

"We have a girl starting the Arts course at the University this year in preparation for a teaching career," he said.

"Her case was a tragic one, but she has won through splendidly."

Mr. Hicks told me of a recent case in a big northern town of a mother of five children whose husband left her. She became sick and neglected the family.

Unable to earn enough money to keep things going, and losing heart as well as health, she slid downhill until the children's pitiful condition attracted the notice of the Child Welfare Department.

"The children were underfed, neglected, and living in filthy circumstances," said Mr. Hicks. "The mother had taken to drink."

"When we took away the children she was heartbroken."

"After a year in one of our homes the eldest boy was able to get a good job. He helped his mother get things together again."

"After a while we were able to give back to the mother two of the children who had been placed with foster parents."

"The lad is working hard and giving his mother all his earnings. He spends his week-ends doing up the house, so that one of these days the whole family may be reunited."

"But the foster parents were broken-hearted at parting with



"WE THANK THEE," say some of the little inmates of one of the N.S.W. Child Welfare Department Homes. All are neglected children whose parents are unable to look after them.

the little ones they'd been looking after," added Mr. Hicks.

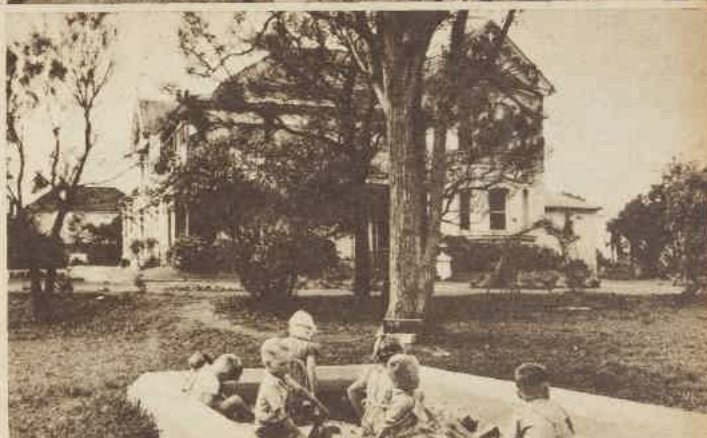
After prospective foster parents apply to the department, they are interviewed by the department's local representative, and a child thought to be suitable to their kind of life is selected.

The foster parents then visit the Home to meet the child and see whether they will get on together.

"The trouble is that many prospective foster parents, thinking of themselves and not of the child, prefer a pretty little blue-eyed dream-girl with yellow curls," a social worker told me.

"Women do all sorts of social work and give much of their time to charity. Here is an opportunity for wonderful social work right in their own homes."

"It is always hard to place children with slight physical



DEPARTMENT HOME in Sydney is typical of many throughout Australia. Surveys show that children in such institutions tend to be backward and are handicapped by a craving for individual affection.

by foster parents, district officers of the department visit him until he settles down.

The department pays from 20/- to 22/6 a week for each child according to age, and all medical and dental expenses.

Children going to high school get a little extra. Only a small percentage of children taken by foster parents become available for adoption. Most parents, naturally enough, try to get their children back.

I asked Mr. Hicks how the department's officers come to hear of cases of neglected children.

"The police, churches, schools, welfare organisations, and in many cases neighbors who see the children neglected and running wild get in touch with us," he said.

Last year 1748 families were brought under the notice of the Child Welfare Department in New South Wales by the police, churches, schools,

welfare organisations, or neighbors; 7048 visits were made by the department's officers.

Only 13 per cent. of these cases were brought to court and the children taken away from the parents.

Children remain under State control until they are 18, but if they become self-supporting before that date they can be discharged.

They are then free to return to their parents or stay with their foster parents.

Here are three typical departmental case histories of children who are in need of a chance to live normally.

"The little girl is frail, thin, and dark in coloring. Was very undernourished when admitted to the Home, but has improved on proper diet. Is very protective towards her little brother, who is also thin, and had bad teeth."

"They were committed by a children's court as destitute children because they were found living in a filthy

state in one room with their mother and de facto father. Real father a confirmed drunkard and social delinquent living in a State Home. De facto father is also habitual drunkard. Mother has a new baby. Children neglected, dirty, and allowed to run wild."

"Two young boys abandoned by their parents. Mother a waitress deserted by father, a truck driver. Mother seems fond of children and making some effort to get a home together for them, but without much success. Older boy is rather shy and withdrawn, very fair, and well developed. Is backward at school."

Another case concerned a small boy and his sister whose mother was deserted by her husband and by her de facto husband.

"Forced to work to keep herself and two children," reported the department. "Recently turned out of room and forced to relinquish children to State."

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PICNIC FOR TWO. Mrs. Graeme Anderson, of "Maneroo," Moree (left), and Mrs. Bill Moses, of "Gunnible," Gunnedah, enjoy their buffet-style lunch between races in perfect picnic weather.



WAITING FOR RACE. Over the fence of the saddling paddock jockey David Bundock, of Warialda, talks to his sister Mary and Ian McMaster, of Narrabri, while waiting for his mount. Favorite meeting-place between races for owners, trainers, and committee members was the president's rooms at the side of the saddling paddock.



THREE-YEAR-OLD Tommy Sutton, held by his mother, Mrs. Harry Sutton, of Sydney, gives his uncle's horse Dewaroy a good-luck pat while his grandmother, Mrs. B. G. Kelly, of "Yumba," Emerald Hill, looks on. Dewaroy won the Carra-mundra Improvers' Stakes.

Wean Picnic Races

THE picnic race season is in full swing and in the North West enthusiasts turned out in force for Wean Picnic Race Club's popular one-day meeting.

The club's picturesque course at Wean, Mrs. E. M. Alker's property 20 miles from Boggabri, was crowded with nearly 1000 cars which brought visitors from all surrounding districts.

Early morning rain which threatened the club's unbroken record of fine race days cleared away well before the start of the racing and the day's events and festivities went ahead in pleasant weather.

WEAN supporters' boast that the beautifully appointed course is "a little Randwick" pays tribute to the enthusiastic hard work of live-wire president Kelly Vickery and his committee, who organized working-bees for a month beforehand to get the course in perfect condition. Main attraction of the meeting, however, is its genuine country picnic atmosphere, which old hands maintain has changed little from the days of bridge picnics under the trees.

IT was a gala day for hundreds of children who came with their parents to the meeting. Home from school for the May holidays, they made the most of the day out, excitedly watching the races and consuming large quantities of soft drink. Small boys had a special thrill when three planes landed at the side of the course.

THE end of the second race was the signal for lunch-baskets to appear, and for an hour or so card-tables and car boots were surrounded by gay parties of picnickers. Biggest crowd was round a communal row of tables in front of the first line of cars, where president Kelly Vickery, secretary Greg Gilby, and their wives entertained visiting friends to a sumptuous lunch of turkey, duck, and ham salads, with apple pie and cream to follow.

STAUNCH supporters of Wean Club since its first meeting in 1933, the Moore clan made quite a large gathering on the course. Heads of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Moore, came from their property, "Bayley Park," just across the road from Wean, with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Don Lipscomb. Their son Rex, who is on the committee, was there with his wife, and also son Geoff and his wife. Geoff Moore was the first president of Wean Club, which he founded with the late Mr. Les Alker. The family party was swelled by the arrival of the Colin Moores, of "Nowley," Burren Junction, with their two children, Bill and Clare, who were home from school for the holidays.

AS the crowds left the course, a line of cars made its way up to Mrs. E. M. Alker's lovely hilltop home, where she entertained about 50 friends who were not staying on for the ball. Among the guests were Ted Ekin, president of Gunnedah Picnic Race Club, and his wife, from "Werilto," Mullaley; the Tim Gordons, of "Mannaree," Gunnedah; the Bill Moses, of "Gunnible," Gunnedah; the Tom Vickerys, of "Dobbin," Bellata; and the Lyn Sandersons, of "Wallah," Narrabri. Mrs. Alker's mother, Mrs. Jim Vickery, from "Beehive," Tamworth, was also in the party.

PRETTY GIRLS Pat Saddington, of Burren Junction (left), and Jill Glasson, of Carrabubula, inspect a Tiger Moth flown to Wean by John Penrose for the picnic race meeting.

HOURS between the end of the day's racing and the ball at night were given over to informal celebration, and before the general exodus from the course many people held impromptu parties at their cars. Host and hostess for one of the largest gatherings were the Owen Whites, of "Sylvania," Boggabri, who were kept busy dispensing drinks and home-made biscuits.

ONE very proud mother was Mrs. J. J. Carrigan, whose son, amateur jockey, "Snow," Carrigan, carried away the honors as the most successful rider of the day. "Snow" and two of his brothers, Charlie and John, also had successes with their horses Tempest King and Sea Trip. Lots of visitors took the opportunity of saying good-bye to Mrs. Carrigan and her husband, who are retiring to a home in Moree, handing over their property, "Milchengowrie," to their sons.

PICNIC fashion highlights . . . Mrs. Greg Gilby's snappy two-tone hat of lemon and grey, studded round the band with tiny brass cubes . . . Mrs. Rex Moore's attractive grey-and-white striped linen hat and blouse worn with a grey suit.

SOME IMPRESSIONS . . . The lovely view from Wean course of the blue Nandewar Ranges . . . Energetic clerk-of-the-course Alex Nelson, jun., in his scarlet coat, changing his black silk cap for a wide-brimmed hat for comfort . . . The clammy mist which enveloped late revelers who left the ball in the early hours of the morning.

Anne



HAPPY LUNCH PARTY. Among visiting friends entertained at lunch by Mrs. E. M. Alker, owner of Wean (second from left), were Mrs. Tom Vickery, of "Dobbin," Bellata (left), Mr. Bill Widdis, from Quirindi, Mr. Cob Atkinson, of "Dulblair," Tamworth, Mr. Tom Vickery, and Mrs. Bill Widdis.



CUP PRESENTATION. Owner of Noogee, winner of the Wean Club Cup, Mr. Innes Christie, of "Llandudno," Boggabri (left), with secretary Mr. Greg Gilby, president Mr. Kelly Vickery, and Mrs. Vickery, who presented the trophies at a formal ceremony in the saddling paddock.



ARMIDALE LASSES Pauline Kiernan (left) and Claire Down approach the new tote to place their bets. Pauline wore a white beret with her cherry wool frock and Claire a red velvet hat with her grey suit.



AT THE BALL. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen, of "Merriown," Boggabri, enjoy a dance at the Picnic Race Ball held after the races at the Royal Hall in Boggabri.

Points from Paris designers..

● Jeanne Lafaurie's tailored classic suit, far left, is worn with a short, loose-fitting matching jacket lined with black velvet. Black gloves and a black hat complete the ensemble.

● Madelaine de Ranch designed the green tweed suit, below. The boxy double-breasted jacket has a scarf collar with fringed ends and eight black velvet buttons. The skirt is narrow.



● Dress-and-coat ensemble, above, made in light grey flannel. The coat has a lambskin lining dyed a clear yellow. The slim dress has tab buttoning details. Pierre Balmain model.

● Pierre Balmain's topcoat and slim, matching skirt, above, are made in caviar-grey tweed. The coat has a red handknit lining, matched to a long-sleeved, high-necked classic sweater.

● Schiaparelli's violet wool dress, right, has a slim silhouette and important fringed scarf collar. The scarf is pulled through a large slot in the soft bodice-top and is fringed at both ends.

new detail in day clothes

● Carven designed the tailored street dress, right, in rose velvet. Twin pockets trim the moderately wide skirt. The slightly bloused cuffed sleeves and high turtle neckline are features of the softly moulded bodice.

● Jacques Fath's astrakhan-trimmed city suit, below, is designed with a long rolled collar and wide cuffs. The skirt has all-round pleats from a flat hip yoke. Fath's collection also includes astrakhan for coats.



● Pierre Balmain's smooth-fitting velvet sweater blouse, above, is worn with a brilliant checked skirt. The skirt drapes in wide, bunched fullness across one hip.

● Maggy Rouff's one-piece, left, combines black velvet and black wool crepe. The model has a front-buttoned fastening and is finished with a neat collar and bow.

● Lanvin's caramel wool suit, far left, trimmed with bands of astrakhan is worn with an astrakhan cap and barrel muff. The jacket is moulded and the skirt flared.



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Worth Reporting

SO far, Australian women have not taken to blacksmithing, boiler-making, or saw-sharpening to earn a living, but some are motor mechanics, electricians, welders, piano-tuners, and wool-classers.

One is a stoker and three are prospectors.

But not one has taken on the spectacular career of dogman. A dogman, in case you do not know, is the bored-looking character who attracts a street audience the minute he steps into a crane-box to be waited heavenwards or balances on steel girders to guide them to the right spot a couple of hundred feet above street level.

These facts were given us by the Commonwealth Statistician, who has just sent the final report on the 1947 census to the printer.

Latest figures show that women are living longer than men. In 1921 there were 18,000 more men than women over the age of 60, but women gradually caught up, until last year there were 70,000 more women than men over 60.

Another interesting piece of information from the census is the fact that New Australians should help to solve the marriage problem for the 144,000 more women than men in metropolitan areas.

The migrant influx is predominantly male, and many are marrying Australians.

Country girls are on the best matrimonial wicket. In addition to New Australian men, they have 160,000 spare Australians to choose from.

"A MACHINE that will fold, envelope, and seal outgoing mail in one operation is the answer to a problem that has remained unsolved for a long time," says an English trade magazine.

Not the whole answer. Give us one that writes the letter and we'll do our own folding, enveloping, and sealing with pleasure.

Vale "the quick brown fox"

WE regretfully discovered the other day when the typewriter mechanic came to have a look over our old portable that "the quick brown fox" who always used to "jump over the lazy dog" is dead and gone, and we can blame the war for it.

As the mechanic pushed in a sheet of paper to try out the machine we peeped over his shoulder just to have a look at our old and tested friend, "the brown fox."

To our surprise, what did we see coming up but the fearsome words, "The quick movement of the enemy would jeopardise six gunboats."

Frankly, we prefer foxes to gunboats any day.

ADVERTISING in "Education," the journal of the New South Wales Teachers' Federation, a firm calling itself The Teachers' Store offers for sale cutlery, umbrellas, pinking scissors, electrical appliances, and handkerchiefs.

No birches, willow wands, or leather straps?

Share worries to relax nerves

A CLUB where people with nervous disorders can meet socially and forget their own troubles by learning to understand the problems of others has been established in Melbourne by the Victorian Department of Mental Hygiene.

"It is astonishing to find how personal problems dissolve when people meet and talk over their worries together," explained the chairman of the Mental Hygiene Board, Dr. E. Cunningham Dax.

Members can enjoy a programme of dancing, music, a lecture or debate, and supper to wind up a club evening.

An information bureau where the public may obtain literature and details of treatment available for nervous complaints, mental disorders, and the care of the mentally retarded has also been started.

Staffed by a psychiatrist and social workers, it gives on-the-spot advice to people with emotional problems.

Dr. Dax said that sufferers whose neuruses were too deep-seated to be effectively handled by the bureau were directed to hospitals and clinics where the treatment they needed could be obtained.

Often a confidential discussion at the bureau is enough to provide a release from nervous tension.

DURING the school holidays two young friends were noted travelling together from the city in a suburban-bound tram after what our observer took to be a morning of picnics, peanuts, and other pleasures.

"Geel!" said the smaller, with one of those sudden moments of spine-chilling realisation that come to us all. "I've missed my lunch, and Mum will have gone to work."

His abler and elder companion asked with shocked amazement: "So what? Haven't you got any emergency rations under your bed?"

Gadgets appeal to the Duke

THE Duke of Edinburgh is fond of gadgets and has already moved his favorite labor-savers into Buckingham Palace. Our London office says that he has introduced an inter-communication telephone system and in his own rooms a table which he has designed to fold into the wall.

He is anxious also to move the film theatre from Clarence House and he wants the lifts at the palace to be made more elegant and up to date.

Should the Queen decide to modernise Balmoral, the Duke will have plenty to do to bring the old castle up to date in its fittings.

A persistent rumor that she intends to sell it does not carry much credence, though it is said that one or two millionaires have submitted offers.

As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Plans for short trips on May 24 may fall through or the expedition itself could be disappointing. May 26 is likely to bring good news.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Any matter concerning those older than yourself should prosper on May 24. A business deal put through on May 28 should prove a really wonderful bargain.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Top gear on May 27. You'll honk your horn and demand a clear passage, but watch for obstructions jutting out when least expected on May 30, otherwise you'll take a fall.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): An invitation or visit on May 25 should be enjoyable, while swinging open the gate of new possibilities. May 29 climaxes the week with a non-stop run of success.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Right up your alley. Much preparation may be needed and plenty of organising, but either May 26 or 29 should crown your efforts with a personal triumph.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): It's up to you on May 27 to decide between two courses of action. Whichever you choose, don't allow May 30 to act as a damper on your hopes. Keep them warm and they'll come good.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): The happiness of giving pleasure to others is likely to shine on May 24, gilding future relations with a person or cause.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Don't exhaust yourself on May 25 trying to accomplish the impossible. Better keep in the background until May 26.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Wedding bells will ring for some Sagittarians, others will be busy making new friends or removals. May 26 fine, but 29 costly.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Now is the time to ask favors of Dad or Mum or Aunt Matilda. May 24 stars give you a break with older people. May 26 and 29 keep your nose to the grindstone.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Take a chance on any reasonable venture on May 26, whether in love or money matters. Some hardy spirits may enjoy May 28.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Whether you spend May 25 at home or on a little jaunt, you'll discover fresh interests. If May 27 gives you a jolt, you can take it.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]



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COLORFUL MOVIE BELLES

★ Moviegoers with a fondness for red and blonde hair may purr over the luxuriant locks of Susan Hayward and Cara Williams or envy Eleanor Parker's golden waves above mink-clad shoulders.



CARA WILLIAMS

Glamorous screen newcomer, Cara is being mentioned for possible stardom after good work in a main feature role in "The Girl Next Door" (Fox) with June Haver and Dan Dailey.



◀ **SUSAN HAYWARD**

Known around her studio as an amiable girl who has a temper to match her fiery hair, Susan is one of the busiest actresses in Hollywood. She portrays torch-singer Jane Froman in "With a Song in My Heart."

ELEANOR PARKER ▶

Warners' star is one of the select band of Hollywood actresses who don't mind being deglamorised for screen roles. With her blonde good looks, Eleanor can afford the experiment.



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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ The Browning
Version

TERENCE RATTIGAN'S play "The Browning Version" has been made into a profoundly moving, dramatic film by B.E.F.; the author adapted his own script for the film.

Story is set in an English public school on the last day of summer term. Andrew Crocker-Harris, brilliant classical scholar but unpopular form-master, is leaving because of ill-health after 18 years at the school.

He is well aware that nobody will miss him; that he has deliberately been passed over at every chance of promotion; that his wife, Millie, is carrying on an affair with the science

master. Knowing all this, he has schooled himself to pretend to ignore it by hiding behind his books and an armor of reserve which he uses to ward off all human contacts.

Only one youth, Taplow, has the discernment to recognise in Mr. Crocker-Harris a fellow human being, and he gives him a copy of the Browning version of the "Agamemnon" as a farewell gesture.

The small gift produces a display of pent-up emotion from the schoolmaster and other far-reaching consequences, including his first show of independence.

As the pathetic scholar, Michael Redgrave's acting is brilliant. The hardest heart would melt at the pathos in his sincere and manner-full interpretation of Crocker-Harris, while feelings harden under the

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average
or not yet reviewed.

calculated bitterness of Jean Kent's frustrated Millie, in love with the science master.

This last role is played with understanding by Nigel Patrick. Brian Smith portrays the boy Taplow with fresh-faced enthusiasm.

In Sydney—Embassy.

★★★ The Desert Fox

IN a purge within the Third Reich towards the end of World War II, Field-Marshal Erwin Johannes Eugen Rommel, commanding general of Hitler's Africa Korps, lost his life.

In "The Desert Fox," 20th Century-Fox give a screen account of events leading up to the alleged forced suicide of Rommel and his strange burial with full military honors.

The studio based the screenplay on the book "Rommel: The Desert Fox," by Brigadier Desmond Young, and the author appears briefly in the film.

According to this account, Rommel, the gallant German patriot, was liquidated because he lost faith in Hitler's direction of the war. Allowing himself to become implicated in an abortive plot to get rid of Hitler and negotiate honorable German capitulation terms with the Allies was his ultimate mistake.

All this may or may not be true, but as film entertainment "The Desert Fox" is absorbing.

Tight-lipped James Mason is an adequate Rommel, but the shrewdest piece of acting emerges in Leo G. Carroll's concept of Von Runstedt.

Luther Adler has chosen to play the role of Hitler as a podgy grotesque in uniform.

A dignified domestic sub-theme threads through the action and introduces Jessica Tandy as Frau Rommel.

In Sydney—Regent.

News from Studios

From BILL STRUTTON,
in London

STANLEY HOLLOWAY has become Ealing's mascot star. He has starred in so many smash-hit Ealing comedies that they are casting him again for their latest, "The Titfield Thunderbolt." It is all about a rebellious village which decides to run and staff its own train service.

JOHN McCALLUM will have a new promising co-star — glamorous Elizabeth Sellars — for his new film, "The Long Memory." It will be a thriller.

HARRY WATT aims to repeat his African technicolor success, "Where No Vultures Fly," by using the mixture as before — same cast, same country, same theme. He wants Anthony Steel and Dinah Sheridan and child star William Simons together again for "Ivory Smugglers."

This Beautiful
BABY BOOK
Free to young
mothers!

In colour... with space for recording baby's first photograph and his daily progress. Also a handbook on modern methods of baby care, including diet, infant ailments, clothing, etc. To secure your copy, send your name and address—with 6d. in stamps — to-day to: Sanatorium Health Food Company, 148 Fox Valley Road, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

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VITAMIN-FORTIFIED
WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS

After 25
drying skin
begins to
SHOW!

At about this age, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing. You need a special replacement to offset this drying out. Use this special Pond's lanolin rich Dry Skin Cream.



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3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream effective: 1. It is rich in lanolin, very like skin's own oil. 2. It is homogenised to seal in better. 3. It has a softening emulsifier.

At Night—Work Pond's Dry Skin Cream in richly over face and throat. By Day—Use lightly under make-up.

Start this remarkable
correction of your
Dry Skin today!

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Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Meridano, a new American cough medicine, starts immediately to soothe, soothe the blood, quieten the attacks. The very best for thick phlegm, is dissolved giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Meridano from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "People Will Talk," modern comedy, starring Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, Finlay Currie. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "The Browning Version," drama, starring Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent, Nigel Patrick. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Love Nest," domestic comedy, starring June Haver, William Lundigan, Frank Fay. Plus "God Needs Men," French religious drama, starring Pierre Fresnay.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "An American in Paris," technicolor musical, starring Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant. Plus special featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Sirocco," mystery drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Marta Toren, Lee J. Cobb. Plus "Smuggler's Gold," sea adventure, starring Cameron Mitchell.

LYRIC.—"Return of the Vampire," thriller, starring Bela Lugosi, Nina Foch. Plus "The Devil's Mask," thriller, starring Ludwig Donath. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "The Model and the Marriage Broker," romantic comedy, starring Jeanne Crain, Thelma Ritter, Scott Brady. Plus "Street Bandits," drama, starring Penny Edwards, Robert Clarke.

PALACE.—★ "Fixed Bayonets," Korean war drama, starring Richard Basehart, Gene Evans, Michael O'Shea. Plus "Havana Rose," comedy, starring Estelita Rodriguez.

PARK.—★ "Starlift," star-spangled musical, starring Janice Rule, Dick Wesson, Ron Hagerty. Plus featurettes.

REGENCY.—★★ "The Desert Fox," wartime story of Rommel, starring James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Jessica Tandy. (See review this page.) Plus "Men With My Face," mystery, starring Barry Nelson.

SAVOY.—★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Wallbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "The Lavender Hill Mob," comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Audrey Hepburn. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★ "Topper Takes a Trip," comedy, starring Roland Young, Constance Bennett. Plus "St. Martin's Lane," starring Vivien Leigh, Charles Laughton. (Both re-releases.)

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Warpath," technicolor Western, starring Edmund O'Brien, Dean Jagger, Polly Bergen. Plus "Boss of Big Town," thriller, starring John Little.

CIVIC.—"Thunder Across the Pacific," war drama, starring Vera Ralston, Wendell Corey, Phil Harris. Plus "Follow Me Quietly," mystery, starring William Lundigan, Dorothy Patrick. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—"Rocky Mountain," Western, starring Errol Flynn, Patrice Wynne. Plus "The Hoodlum," thriller, starring Lawrence Tierney.

PRINCE EDWARD.—"Mr. Drake's Duck," comedy, starring Douglas Fairbanks, jun., Yolande Donlan. Plus "The Third Visitor," mystery, starring Sonia Dresdel, Guy Middleton.

ST. JAMES.—"The Belle of New York," musical, starring Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, Keenan Wynn. Plus "Sell-out," legal drama, starring Walter Pidgeon, John Hodiak, Audrey Totter.

VICTORY.—"Battle at Apache Pass," technicolor Western, starring John Lund, Jeff Chandler, Susan Cabot. Plus "Finders Keepers," comedy, starring Tom Ewell, Julie Adams.



DEMONSTRATION by Nils Ahlen (John McCallum), a Swedish research scientist, of a new process whereby sound impulses can be transformed into electrical power succeeds.



2 REPORT to police follows Nils' discovery that his wife, Helga, has disappeared with Sven, his laboratory assistant. Secret and essential parts of Ahlen's invention are also missing. Due to military and industrial implications, wide search ensues.

MAN-HUNT IN ARCTIC



3 CHECK by police inspector (Jack Warner) of passenger plane list proves that fugitives are heading for Norwegian border.

AUSTRALIAN actor John McCallum is the star of "Valley of Eagles" (Independent Sovereign Films).

The theft of vital scientific data compiled by McCallum results in a nationwide man-hunt across Lapland.

Filmed on authentic locations, this picture was made with the co-operation of Scandinavian Governments.

Stockholm switched on a three-mile system of street lighting for afternoon filming, and State Railways made a train and railway station available for other scenes.



4 TREK across frozen wastes is begun by eager group of pursuers. Along the trail they find false tracks laid by their wily quarry, and for a time are badly delayed.



5 STAMPEDE of reindeer also hinders Nils and companions. They manage to engage the services of a band of wandering Lapps, among whom is Kara, a beautiful girl of the country. They hit the trail again.



6 PRIMITIVE conditions of the arduous chase bring Nils and Kara (Nadia Gray) together, and they realise that they are in love. Ammunition supplies are low and fires are lighted as protection from wolves.



7 RESCUE by band of Lapps, who hunt with specially trained eagles, saves the weary travellers. In a native village they find Sven and Helga, who make another dash for freedom.



8 AWESTRUCK, Nils and party watch from safety as an avalanche, started by escaping Helga and Sven, hurtles into the valley. When sub-arctic conditions break, they recapture their quarry without much difficulty and end the man-hunt.

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BELT IN TWO
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WITH CLIPS

So light, yet designed for complete comfort and security. Easy to adjust and ideal for women who prefer a belt "with pins."

The new patented improved clip gives wonderful ease of adjustment with perfect fit. So easy to wear yet so re-assuring.

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ONLY
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10 Questions

FOR HARASSED HOUSEWIVES—FANCY-FREE FIANCÉES
MATRIMONIAL-MINDED MAIDENS

Do you?

1. Garden
2. Wash Dishes
3. Wash Clothes
4. Scrub Floors
5. Clean the Stove
6. Prepare Vegetables
7. Clean the Fireplace
8. Cook
9. Polish
10. Paint



If you do -

you should wear

Ansell *Crepe* Rubber Gloves

to protect your natural hand beauty



Protection is far better—and cheaper—than cure. You can effectively preserve the natural beauty of *your* hands, by constantly wearing Ansell Crepe Rubber Gloves. They will prevent dryness, cracking and chilblains—helping to retain that cherished, well-cared-for look.

Because of their Crepe finish, Ansell Rubber Gloves give you better than barehand efficiency, too. Select your size today at your Chemist, Store or Hardware Merchant. Remember, "You can't look *young* if your hands look *old*."

Colourful

Ansell Rubber Mats



"MAJOR"

The largest of the Ansell trio of Rubber Mats. It is ideal for use as a Bath Mat, Car Mat, etc. Size: 16" x 23 1/2".



"ALL PURPOSE"

Specially designed for use as a dish draining mat. It also has many other household uses. Size: 13 1/2" x 21 1/2".



"JUNIOR"

This mat is especially designed for use in the sink, wash basin, etc. Saves money by saving breakages. Size: 9 1/2" x 14".

ALL ANSELL RUBBER MATS ARE AVAILABLE IN BRIGHT MOTTLED COLOURS OF RED, BLUE AND GREEN

MYRA and Rodney

The Chinese Carpet

Continued from page 9

Myra and Rodney exchanged glances as Nonie said, "But, mother, I'm sure that's all nonsense. I'm going dancing with Dan this evening, we fixed it last night. I'll tell him. I'll make him understand. I expect it's all just a muddle and that they don't realise..."

They sat on the verandah sipping their coffee in gloomy silence after she left them.

"How lovely to be young," sighed Myra, "and believe that every bit of meanness and dirty work is just a misunderstanding and that people who are rude are just shy!"

"Forget it, darling. One of these days I'll get you another carpet."

"I don't want another. I want that one!" she wailed.

"Which one do you want, Mrs. Parandine?" asked a voice beside them. Ian Taunton poked his head round the screen. He was a pleasant, lean young man, with untidy hair and an original nose which the doctors had re-created after he'd had trouble in the commando.

"Myra is depressed," said Rodney. "Sit down and cheer up. Coffee?"

"Thanks. I came hoping to take Nonie swimming, but I suppose she's already off with some lucky chap; hard-working chaps like myself don't get a look in."

"You busy?"

"Just finished a queer sort of job. Chap came up to the hawallow late the other night and begged me to go out to a junk to a Chinese woman. In-laws coming, things not going right. Off I went and delivered as fine a little bandit as I ever saw. Queerest set-up I ever worked in. Swaying all lamp and a set of fellows sitting round looking as if they'd cut my throat as soon as out."

"Were they really bandits?"

"I had more than a suspicion before the grateful father approached me afterwards. He had wanted a son and I had given him one, he said, and if there was anything—and he stressed the word 'anything' in a very marked fashion—I had only to tell him what it was."

"You might ask him to push

Lord Tangeley into the harbor for me," said Myra bitterly. "There, for all the world to see, lies our Chinese carpet on his dining-room floor. And he won't let us have it back. Rodney offered to buy it, but not!"

"Don't lose heart, darling. Nonie thinks she can work the miracle for us through Dan," said Rodney.

Ian brightened.

"Is she going to the dance this evening? I think I'll nip along and try for one of the extras that falls from the rich man's programme. I always get so late to these shows that I spend the evening dancing with the aunts."

"Oh, dear, that's just the sort of son-in-law I'd like," said Myra unhappily when Ian had gone.

"He'll never own a car with a dollar grin," Rodney said thoughtfully. "But for all that, I agree with you. You shouldn't have said that about shoving his Lordship into the harbor, darling. Because if his bandit pal heard the suggestion he would probably oblige without a moment's hesitation!"

It was only eleven that night when the screen doors slammed and Nonie came home. Nonie, who never by any chance got back from a dance before three! Myra looked up anxiously from her darning.

"Why, Poppet, anything wrong?"

Nonie peeled off her wrapper and flung it aside.

"I'm so furious I don't know where to begin."

"Who brought you home?"

"Ian. I asked him to come in, but he had to get back to hospital. It was about that carpet. I tackled Dan, and he said just the same as his father. Business is business, and never mind whose it was before, it's theirs now and they like it. He just laughed at me. He seemed to think it funny and that I was being unreasonable..."

Rodney said: "Oh, never mind. Don't let us have our whole outlook blighted by a carpet! Forget it."

"But it's stealing," Nonie persisted. "Ian was there when

we were discussing it, and he got so furious I thought he and Dan were going to fight. So I made Ian bring me home!"

She kicked off her small silver shoes and sat wiggling her toes.

"I was going to Repulse Bay to-morrow on the yacht with Dan and his father. Now I don't know..."

"Sleep on it, darling," said Myra, trying not to appear too eager. "It's always a mistake to make up your mind about things when you're tired and cross!"

The passionate hope that Nonie would not go on the yacht kept waking Myra up at intervals all through the night.

In the hot weather the old wooden bungalow was full of strange creaks and cracks and the eerie scutterings of mice. In spite of her restless night, Myra woke early to the sound of the rickshaws passing and the voices of the garden coolies holding their sing-song conversations.

Rodney still slept, one arm thrown up over his head. He looked oddly boyish still, in sleep, and Myra prayed, suddenly: "Oh God, let Nonie marry the right person, too, and have the fun we have had. Never mind about the money!"

She slipped into her wrapper and went out into the early sunshine on the verandah. This was the best time of day. The sun was pleasant, a friend still, not an enemy. The world was clean washed with dew that had laid the dust.

Myra leaned on the verandah rail, looking down to the blue of the harbor. Little junks flitted there... A liner was nosing its way out of Kowloon, making for the open sea. Heading for home.

Soft footsteps made her turn. She thought it was Amah bringing the tea, and gave a horrified gasp when she saw, standing there, a man.

His only garment was a pair of Chinese blue trousers, tattered and ragged. He stood some way from her, exposing his stained teeth in a nervous grin.

Myra clutched the rail, not knowing whether or not to scream. This, she told herself, was the end. It would not be the first time a woman had been assassinated on her own verandah, but try as she would she could not think of any reason why this strange person should have anything against her.

She closed her eyes as he plunged his hand into the folds of his voluminous trousers. Nothing happened, and she opened them again to find him standing as far from her as possible, holding out at arm's length a letter. He was making unintelligible sounds as he did so.

Her moment of panic faded. How silly. It's a note for Nonie from one of her endless admirers, she thought, but she could not imagine which of them would employ quite such a villainous-looking servant. She took the letter gingerly. When she looked up again the man had melted away into the garden.

It wasn't, after all, for Nonie. It was addressed to Myra herself, and she saw, surprised, that it was from Ian.

"Dear Mrs. Parandine. The strangest thing! As I made my way home last night through the bazaar I came upon the very carpet I feel you are looking for to replace your lost one! It even has your initials woven in the corners in a true-lovers' knot. A really remarkable coincidence!"

"I have sent along some men to lay it for you to save you unnecessary trouble. I do hope you will find it useful and that it will wear well!"

"Rodney!" she called. "Oh, Rodney!"

He stood beside her in the morning sunshine, wearing his old kimono, looking oddly boyish still, with his rumpled hair. There, in its own place, lay their blue Chinese carpet, the buff dragon with its kind, black eyes looking towards them, their own initials interwoven in the corners.

Rodney said softly, "Well, I'm darned!" They began to laugh. They were still laughing when Nonie appeared, dressed to go riding. Myra handed her Ian's letter without a word. She watched Nonie read it. She saw the girl's mouth soften and her small face light up suddenly.

"Mummi! You mean he's got it back for us!"

"Go and look."

She ran past them into the big room. She knelt down beside the buff dragon, stroking it with her hand, as she had done a hundred times as a little girl, long ago.

"Oh, darling dragon! It's you! You're home again!" said Nonie. "Oh, let me ring Ian up before he goes to the hospital."

"I wouldn't say too much over the telephone!" her father warned her. "Better be tactful."

"Oh, I will!"

They sat in the sunshine drinking tea and heard her bright voice running on.

"Yes, I will. I was going to Repulse Bay, but I've changed my mind, Ian. Call around three..."

"Myra," said Rodney sternly, "I am not a superstitious man, but I have a feeling this carpet is going to bring us luck after all!"

(Copyright)

Some of my patients

CONTROL OF ANAEMIA... CHILBLAIN SEASON

It seemed to me that I had no sooner dropped wearily into bed than my telephone—so frequently out of order in the day time but never at night—clanged an imperative summons.

"Could you come at once, Doctor?" said a woman's voice. "I have a friend staying with me who seems very ill—a Miss Phillips. She used to be a patient of yours."

"How long has she been ill?" I asked wearily.

"Really only a couple of hours, but she has very severe pains in her stomach and is vomiting."

"I'll be right along," I said.

When I arrived at the house the patient was obviously in great pain, which had severely shocked her. I recognised her as a patient whom I had treated for pernicious anaemia some years ago.

"She says she has had two or three attacks of this pain lately," said her friend, "but none as severe as this one."

Having examined her, I gave her something to relieve her pain.

When she was able to talk she told me she had had no treatment since she had left my district about two years before, so I arranged for a blood-count and to see her next day.

The blood-count revealed the blood picture of pernicious anaemia. She was

not particularly pale and was fairly plump. An examination of her nervous system showed changes that are associated with pernicious anaemia.

"I regard the attack you had a couple of days ago and these nervous changes as being due to your anaemia," I said. "Do you remember years ago that your stomach did not secrete any acid and I told you that you must take some all your life?"

"I do remember, Doctor, and I must apologise," she said. "I forgot to take it. As I generally feel quite well and have a good color I have not bothered about my treatment."

So there was the full story. Addisonian or pernicious anaemia is not a rare disease. It occurs in people in the latter half of life and is often found in several members of the one family.

Sometimes, but not always, the patient's skin has a lemon tint.

The nervous complications, which are very serious, often occur in those in whom the anaemia is not very severe.

One important fact which is the patient may not realise and which should be stressed is that pernicious anaemia does not get cured.

It is due to a permanent defect in the stomach, which cannot form one factor essential

to life. Fortunately, we can supply that factor and so control—not cure—the disease.

Patients with the nervous complications are always found to lack acid in their stomachs. So that, in addition to having injections for the rest of their lives, they must also take stomach acid by mouth as well.

As I explained to Miss Phillips, with regular check-ups and faithful following of treatment she may expect good health.

Neglect of treatment will lead inevitably to miserable health or even complete invalidism. The choice is hers.

MRS. GRANT brought

Elspeth to see me a few days ago. She wanted to know if I could prevent her getting chilblains this winter.

"She had them very badly last winter," she said, "and for the past two or three days her toes have been itching unbearably."

"Marion used to get them badly, too, Doctor," continued Mrs. Grant, "but she seems to have grown out of them. She has had no sign of them so far this year. You remember her, don't you, Doctor? She is having a baby in a few months."

"Of course I remember her," I said, "and she may not have them at all this year."

"I do not know the real reason," I said, "but chilblains are not

often seen in pregnant women; indeed, sometimes the chilblains never again recur after a pregnancy."

"I don't think Elspeth wears enough clothing, Doctor," continued Mrs. Grant. "We have very heated arguments about it."

When I examined Elspeth I saw that she was wearing the minimum of clothing, so I joined forces with her mother and pointed out that it was necessary for her to keep herself warm all over.

"I hope you are not suggesting that I should wear woollen stockings," said Elspeth coldly. "No, no," I soothed her. "If you keep the rest of your body warm your legs will be quite warm enough."

"Silk stockings are quite in order. They are much warmer than they appear. You should take plenty of exercise and keep your feet away from hot water bags and do not sit near a fire."

"Would calcium injections help?" Elspeth asked.

"You should drink as much milk as you can, because it is the best source of calcium as far as food is concerned, and I shall give you some extra calcium by injection," I said.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person.

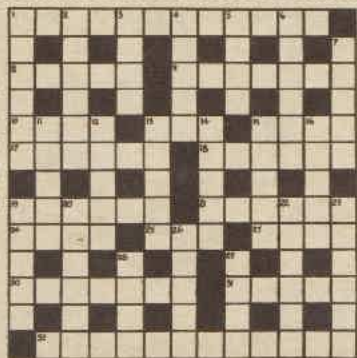
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. If you rightly see how in a noise you may get freedom (12)
2. Tired for a bitch with puppies, perhaps (5)
3. Innocent starts with a graduate (7)
4. Victim of a famous murder (4)
5. PUN sign of the Zodiac (3)
6. Throw to a steamship (4)
7. Recover mainly a sun in ease (6)
8. Highness exchanged one for another one to walk steadily (8)
9. Elimination loses something for part of a ring (6)
10. This collection of people with a car could be a flower (6)

24. This college turns a brief record of facts (4)
25. Beer made stale by a saint (3)
26. A naval type in case could be a sea eagle (4)
27. Disturbed men in a traitor clothing (7)
28. A snow leopard could weigh 1-16th of a pound (5)
29. A son pretence (Anagram 2, 4, 6) (Everybody knows it) (4)

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

1. Render precious by means of a final organ (6)
2. Corners ancient inhabitants of Merica (6)
3. Talk for a French cat, the English is included (4)
4. Sound a bee in a tangled rope (3)
5. After tea request work (4)
6. No robe for a fairy king (6)
7. Faculty popularly attributed to a hero (5)
8. Bull if divided could be a slogan for a physical culturist (5)
9. You and 3, 14 found in the centre of a flower (5)
10. Learn wrongly in a town in Illinois, U.S.A. (5)
11. Estimate, O, overgrown (5)
12. Relish or one of 1 down (5)
13. Descendant with one hundred and one in a descendant (5)
14. Without its head a nobleman, without its tail a fruit; what is this seen? (5)
15. An unplanned weight and I on an idea (6)
16. A presser of Erin can do it (6)
17. The latest in two directions (6)
18. The French mental language (5)
19. Rope for hanging but hardly for a male politician (4)
20. More than nothing but not all (4)

Solution to last week's crossword

EAT



with

Vita-Weat

(REGD.)



Eat delicious Vita-Weat Savouries
with cheese, sausage, egg slices, sardines
or what you will.

Peck Frean's
Vita-Weat
(REGD.)
CRISP BREAD

Crisply baked, golden-brown Vita-Weat! Delicious to taste and full of the goodness of whole wheat. Serve it with meals, for picnics, parties and lunches. Eat Vita-Weat as your daily crispbread to keep your energy up and your weight down.



PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Famous lawyer Perry Mason, his secretary, Della, and private detective Paul Drake have taken the case of Tommy Hadley, who, police think, murdered his foster father, Pops O'Lean. Tommy's sister, Cricket, and her fiancé, Chappie Colefax, find a gun in his room and tell Perry. Police find out. Cricket is run over twice when crossing against red traffic lights. Perry says she is color-blind.





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tonight...



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JOY'S voice was cold as she asked David, "Doesn't your mind ever rise above food?"

David stared for a moment, "Well, not at dinner-time. After all, darling, at seven-thirty a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of food."

Joy got up. She felt that this was the time to make an intellectual stand. "I've really quite forgotten."

"Do you mean you haven't prepared any food?"

Joy sighed. "Oh, yes. Of course, how silly of me. There's some cold beans and salad."

David looked like all men look at the mention of salad after a hard day's work. "Is that all?"

"I believe I hard-boiled some eggs."

David glared for a moment. He was bewildered. "Darling, aren't you well? Is anything wrong?"

"Not any more," said Joy. "Well, what is it, then?"

"David, please don't talk so much. I want to think," Joy said loftily.

David, who had been expensively educated, stared at his wife in horror.

"Think? What about? Have you overspent the housekeeping?"

"That," said Joy crisply, "is something I shall never do again."

"What is all this?"

"You won't understand," Joy said, "but this afternoon I went to a lecture. I've realised that up till now I've been wasting my life—wasting the gifts that civilisation and the great artists of the past have handed down to us."

"Good grief, you haven't gone and joined a Back to Nature League or something, have you?"

"No. But I've discovered just how uneducated I am. How little I know of the things that matter."

"Am I to understand," shouted David, "that from now on you are refusing to run my house and look after me?"

"Not at all. One must eat, after all, but I'm refusing to put material things like dusting or meals dead on time before culture. If I'm absorbed in a book and the meal is half an hour late, well, that'll be just too bad. But I'm not going to be a slave to you and the house any more. This is 1952, an age of enlightenment."

"It may be enlightenment, but the light doesn't appear to shine on culture—more on methods of destroying it."

"All the more reason for those who care to keep the torch burning."

Exhausted and famished, David said wearily, "Who was the woman who told you this?"

"She was a Miss Alloes—"

"Miss? Oh, I might have guessed only a single woman would have the nerve to babble so much nonsense."

"The kitchen is all yours—and I've opened the tin of beans."

Since David was a gentleman, he was not good at handling women. Someone less expensively educated might have convinced Joy that she was wrong in a manner which would have impressed her—though not on an intellectual plane.

But all that was left to David was that feeblest of all phrases—David said it as strongly as he could, but it was not very dramatic—"Very well, then," he said, and stormed out of the room.

On Saturday morning, the day after the domestic rebellion broke out, Joy left David

sulking over burnt bacon and went to the library.

Mr. Bind greeted her happily.

"Have you," asked Joy carefully, "got Funk's 'Art in Relation to Man' and the companion volume, 'Man in Relation to Art'?"

Mr. Bind looked startled and didn't think it at all likely. But he would put it on order.

So Joy browsed and came away with a psychological volume entitled "The Psyche and the Ego" and a thin, cloth-bound volume tersely entitled "Life and Thought."

When she got home, David was in the garden. His back, bent over the lawn, was a very angry back. Joy thought it was also trying to be a dominating back. But "Life and Thought," she was certain, would be adequate armament against a philistine husband.

She sat down and started to read. The opening sentence was a little confusing: "Life," she read, "is the conscious awareness of a concept founded on a premise which is open to doubt—namely, that we exist."

That wasn't very helpful. If she were to challenge the domination of man, she had to exist—as did man.

She put "Life and Thought" on one side. She opened "The Psyche and the Ego." The writer informed her, "At some time during the development of the normal personality, the desire to kill the mother or father has been repressed."

Bewildered now, Joy stared out into the garden. Had she ever wanted to murder her mother? Had David ever wanted to murder his father?

She decided to ask him. There was no reason why he should not join her in the pursuit of culture—it might even be a subtle way of breaking his domination.

Just then David came stalking into the kitchen, where the breakfast dishes still stood on the table. He was bringing in the flowerpot which usually stood in the hallway—probably he'd been tending to it outside.

"David, did you ever want to murder your father?"

He glared at her. "No. The desire for murder is quite recent—dating from last night."

"David, do try. I want you to share these things with me."

"Have you," asked David with deadly calm, "made the



"No one up there by that name, but they made a suggestion where your husband probably could be reached."

beds yet and washed up the breakfast things?"

"No!"

"When you have, and lunch is prepared, and the ordinary, mundane things of life are accomplished, I shall be delighted to talk psychology with you."

"They can wait."

"Then so can our talk."

Domination, hissed Joy's mind, defend your liberty!

"I think you're an absolute beast!"

"All men are," said David equably, "I should have

thought Miss Alloes would have told you that."

"She did, and I'm not going to stand for it."

"Nor am I going to stand for any more of this nonsense. The bacon was burnt this morning, the house is in a mess. I'm working in the garden, my share of the work. You should be coping with the house. When we've both done our duties we can talk about any kind of rot you like. But not before."

"And what are you going to do about it? Obviously I'm not much good as a housekeeper; I should have thought you'd have been pleased to have me study so that at least I could be an interesting and stimulating companion."

"You were always stimulating," David said kindly, "and I've never found you dull—only your cooking, perhaps. Now, if you were ignoring the house in order to study a cookery book, I might take a different view of the matter."

"You might? Why should you be the sole judge?"

"Because," he said icily, "I pay the bills and earn the money we live on. That's why."

"Economic domination..."

"Not at all—I do my part in the office, you do your part in the home. It's a perfectly fair division."

"At the expense of the things that matter."

"The things that matter," said David unkindly, "have only just entered your head. If you like to talk psychology, I'd suggest you think over the quarrel we had the other day and then ask yourself why you suddenly decided to revolt."

"All right, I will. It will take a lot of thinking about. You'd better get your own meals to-day."

DAVID was quite undisturbed at the ultimatum. "I shall buy them out," he said.

"It's entirely up to you. At least it will save me having to shop. And while we're on the subject of money—you haven't given me the housekeeping money for next week."

"Housekeeping? What housekeeping? You won't be needing any now, will you?"

"One cannot study on an empty stomach—and I only intend to keep the housework down..."

"Sorry," said David cheerfully, "but if you won't look after me, and cook for me, then I shan't give you any housekeeping money."

"You won't give me any money at all?"

"Since you refuse to work for it—no."

By Monday morning Joy was feeling distinctly hungry. She had spent the rest of the week-end alone with "Life and Thought."

She had discarded "The Psyche and the Ego." Psychology, as a cultural subject, did not seem very satisfactory.

The week loomed ahead, hungry, bleak, and lonely. David, departing for the office, said cheerfully: "I'll be home about nine to-night, after dining in town. I'll be careful not to interrupt you when I come back."

As the door banged, she thought: What am I going to do about money? A visit to her bank manager was absolutely necessary.

At ten o'clock she walked into the bank and asked for Mr. Carter.

Inside the sanctum Joy said "Could I draw five pounds?"

Please turn to page 38

It's here! COCONUT-CHOCOLATE AT ITS LUSCIOUS BEST.

COCONUT ROUGH



Now you can enjoy the most flavourful blend of milky coconut, toasted to a crisp brown, and the richest milk chocolate of all... MacRobertson's. Here's flavour... here's nourishment... Give yourself this new treat today. Buy a 1/4-lb. block at your confectioner's—Coconut Rough is available throughout Australia for everyone's enjoyment.

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MADE BY
MAC. ROBERTSON
That means—finest-quality ingredients... and full flavour enjoyment!

A delicious blend of coconut and solid milk chocolate.



Made by MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery.

—the makers of other Fruit and Nut favourites... "Fruit Salad", "Assorted Nut" and "Cherry Nut".



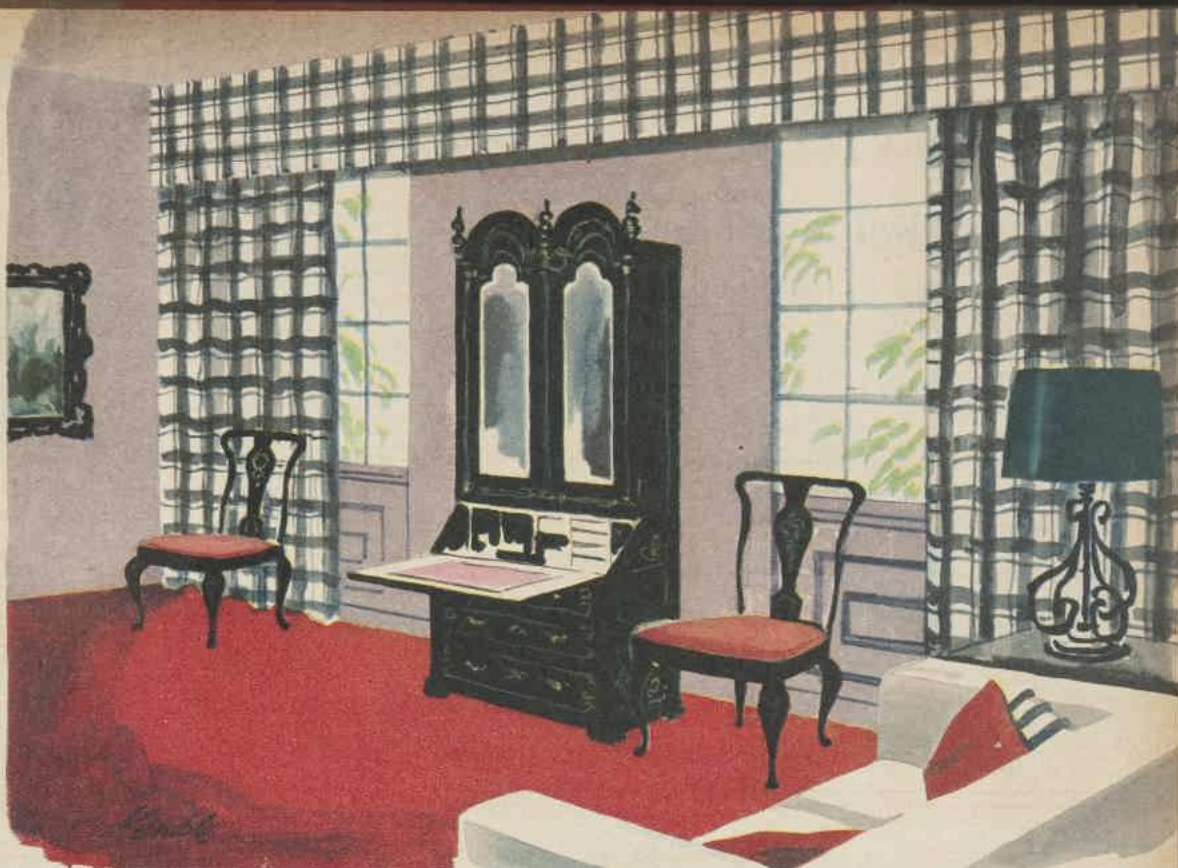
EFFECTIVE contrast of materials is achieved by using plain curtains and striped valance or valance in a room with floral upholstery.



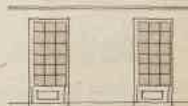
TIE-BACK of red roses would look most attractive in a bedroom or young girl's room. The curtains could be marquisette or any soft material.



SIMPLE WAY to make a room look larger. Matching wallpaper is used on the pelmet. The curtains are floor-length and full.



PROBLEM: How to treat two separate windows as one (see right). Solution: Wall-to-wall curtains in a dramatic black-and-white plaid in a heavy material under a single valance (above).



Be clever with

CURTAINS

By JOAN MARTIN

CHOOSE your curtains carefully, because they can make or mar your entire room. They are the frame for the picture you have created.

Your choice of curtains is influenced by the type of room—formal

or informal, large or small—but one thing is a must, never skimp the material. It is far better to have inexpensive material and plenty of it than to have skimpy dear stuff. In most cases, curtains which are to

be drawn at night should be at least 2½ times the window width.

For a formal room choose a fairly heavy material, damask or brocade.

If you have large windows and a beautiful view, consider sheer curtains which can be pulled back to reveal it, or when pulled across have the effect of a fine veil. Silk marquisette or voile suits the purpose perfectly.

Satins, brocades, damasks, and taffetas all hang beautifully and have an air of richness, especially if the edges are quilted or padded, but rich materials need to be full length. In fact, although not practical, curtains of these materials look best when resting on the floor.

Less formal rooms offer wonderful scope for cottons or glazed chintzes, muslins, or voiles, or, in the bathroom or kitchen, the plastics which come in such a wide range.

Whatever material you choose, be sure that it is pre-shrunk, color-fast, and, as far as possible, sun-fast.

Lining the curtains is naturally a help as far as fading is concerned, but quite often a material which is easy to drape and looks lovely unlined seems stiff when lined.

If you are anxious to curtain a room but at the moment are unable to afford the material you have set your heart on, theatrical gauze may be a temporary solution. It is wide, hangs well, and is cheap.

To give a good finish to curtains which have no pelmet use a pleated heading.

This should be stiffened with buckram or crinoline, or use a wooden pole and large wooden curtain rings. These are not easy to buy, but your local joinery will probably be able to make them for you.



PROBLEM: How to handle off-balance corner windows (see right). Solution: Ceiling-to-floor curtains in a plain color that matches the walls, hung from a curving track (above).



PROBLEM: To make a bay window in a small room really useful (see right). Solution: Cafe-style curtains, which provide both light and privacy (above).



"He can't

resist

that delicious

malty

flavour"

BOURN-VITA

—it's as good as it tastes because ...



It's packed with solid food value—barley malt, eggs, full cream milk, and chocolate.

Bourn-vita before bed encourages the sound, restful sleep that relaxes nervous tension—fits you for another busy day.

See that all the family have a cup of warming, delicious Bourn-vita before bed. They'll love the delicious malty flavour, feel all the better for the energy-building sleep that Bourn-vita helps promote.



ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

Magic with Mustard!



SPARK UP YOUR SANDWICHES

From hearty lunchtime sandwiches to dainty savouries for parties—improve them all with the magic of Mustard! Try cold meat minced and mixed with chopped celery and olives, seasoned with mixed Mustard. Or butter 12 plain biscuits with 2 oz. cream cheese, pinch salt, ¼ teaspoon mixed Mustard, beaten together. Spread with 3 bananas, thinly sliced. It's new—and nice!



'SAUCY' DOES IT

When making creamy sauces or hot brown gravy add mustard ... just a pinch. Mustard gives that added zest and piquancy of flavour.

KEEN'S MUSTARD
.. of course



THE VERSATILE QUILTED SKIRT

A quilted skirt, the answer to glamor with warmth, is a new fashion in America.

FOR day wear glazed chintz is attractive and for the evening a stiff taffeta lined with a bright color is used.

You can make a skirt yourself from the simple directions given here. The diagram below shows how the pattern is cut.

All instructions given are for a skirt 30in. in length to fit a 28in. waist. For other sizes adjust waistline on pattern so that it measures the desired waist measurement, plus a ½in. seam allowance on each centre back edge. Length of skirt desired may then be measured down from this line, plus ½in. allowed for a machined hem.

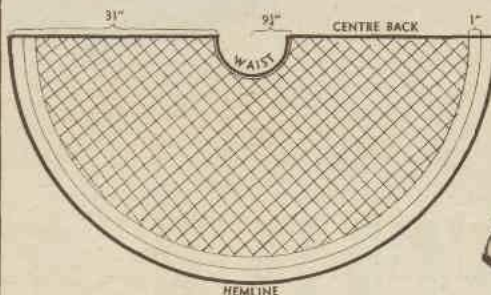
To Make Pattern: Take a large sheet of paper and mark a point on one straight edge. From this point measure down 9½in. evenly all around, and connect the

lining to a depth of about 1in.

Cutting instructions: Open material out to single width and cut skirt, skirt piece, and waistband, once each from single material, as shown in diagram. Cut pattern pieces from lining material in the same way, omitting waistband.

To make: Join skirt piece to skirt. Join lining pieces in the same way. Press seams open flat. Place skirt lining with wrong side of material facing up. Place cotton-wool padding evenly all over lining. Place skirt over padding with wrong side of material facing padding. Tack skirt and lining firmly to the padding, so that it will not slip when skirt is being quilted.

Commencing at waistline, machine down one centre-back edge, around hemline, up other centre-back edge, and



ADJUST THIS PATTERN to your own measurements and then cut it out in a large piece of paper, allowing ½in. seams all round. The finished garment will appear as illustrated at right and can be smartly teamed with blouses or sweaters.

points so that a half-circle is drawn on paper. This is the waistline. From waistline measure down 30½in. evenly all around and connect points so that another half-circle is drawn. This is the hemline. The straight edges of pattern from waist to hem are the centre back seam edges. Draw a line ½in. above waistline for seam allowance.

Because skirt will be too deep at the centre-front to fit out of one width of 36in. material, pattern has to be divided into skirt and skirt piece as follows: Measure down from straight centre-back edges 35½in., and draw a straight line across pattern parallel with centre-back. Cut along this line and then allow ½in. seam allowance on each cut edge.

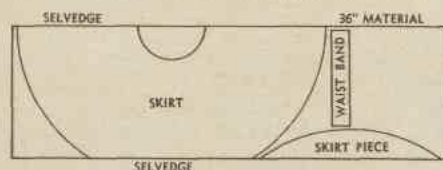
To make waistband pattern cut a strip of paper 30in. long and 3in. wide.

Materials required: 2 2-3yds. of 36in. material; 2 2-3yds. of 36in. lining material; sufficient cotton wadding to completely cover the

around waistline, keeping stitching ½in. in from raw edges. Trim padding from the ½in. between stitching and raw edges.

Machine a row of stitching 2in. above existing row of stitching around hemline. Work another row 2in. above this. With tailor's chalk and rule, mark the portion of the skirt between the waistline and the top row of stitching around hemline in 2in. squares diagonally, as shown in diagram. Machine along these chalked lines, or a quilting attachment may be used. First stitch all the lines parallel to each other and then stitch all the parallel lines crossing them.

Stitch the centre-back skirt seam, joining it along the first rows of stitching where padding ends, and leaving open 6in. below top edge for placket. Neaten placket by extending left-hand edge 1in., and facing right-hand edge, or sew in zipper. Sew on waistband and machine up ½in. hem.



PLACE THE PATTERN PIECES on the material as shown above, so that the centre back seam is on the selvedge. If the material is wider than 36in., less yardage will be required and the skirt can be cut all in one piece.



Our handknits for winter



THE Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for 1952 is now on sale.

In it you'll find 64 pages of specially selected designs, beautifully produced in color and rotogravure and delightfully illustrated.

These new season's handknits will give you the latest overseas trends in color, design, and style.

Interesting styles include an angora sweater with a detachable hood, an elegant evening sweater embroidered with sequins, a wide variety of sports garments for the teenager, and a pretty bedjacket with matching slippers.

Matrons will love the smart jackets especially designed to flatter their figures, and the Afghan rug in checkboard design will be a favorite for cold weather.

Children's designs range from a novel nursery rhyme jumper for brother and sister to embroidered slippers.

Be sure to obtain your copy from your newsagent, bookseller, or from this office. Price, only 2/-.

HEATHER, a cosy Fair Isle twin-set for 6-to-8-year-olds, is among the well-designed garments featured in our 1952 Knitting Book.

PRACTICAL FAMILY HOUSE



REEDED GLASS WALL (above left) provides light but ensures privacy in the dining area of the living-room. Plants growing outside form an effective pattern. Above right: Yellow brickwork and trees soften the otherwise severe exterior design.

Light, color, and practical design are features of the bayside home of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Fildes, of Beaumaris, Victoria.

THE modern line of the flat-roofed house is softened by the surrounding trees. The interior has been arranged to reduce housekeeping chores to a minimum and to study the needs of two young sons.

Mrs. Fildes has used grey, yellow, and green in the furnishings and walls to emphasise the decorative qualities of the polished wood in floors and built-in furniture.

The main bedroom is the only room that is carpeted. Elsewhere rugs are used.

—Edna Horton Lewis



DEEP, SOFT GREEN WALL above the yellow brick fireplace is a pleasing accent in the sunny living-room. Chairs are upholstered in yellow hide. A trough under one set of windows holds potted plants.



PLAN of the home of owner-architect A. Fildes shows how rooms are designed for maximum sunlight.



BUILT-IN DRESSING-TABLE in the main bedroom (above) has roomy wardrobes on either side. At right: Porthole windows, grey walls, and yellow ceilings are featured in the hallway to the bedrooms.



COMPACT UNIT, comprising telephone table, shelves, and cupboards, marks the division and uses the wall area between the dining and lounge areas of the large living-room.

You'll feel more beautiful
more comfortable



* in a Jenyns Health Control Corset

Every Jenyns combines those two features so essential in corsets—a scientific design that guards your future health with support exactly where needed—comfortable control that brings new beauty to your figure. The Jenyns corset has a model type and size to suit every figure so join the many thousands of Australian women who have found new health and beauty with Jenyns.

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Leading Stores.

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When accidents happen...



PLAY SAFE—USE SOLYPTOL!
Germs of infection can turn even a trivial scratch into a dangerous wound. When the skin is cut or broken, sterilise immediately with Solyptol Antiseptic. It's another wonderful Faulding Product.

Solyptol
antiseptic

If it's Faulding's—it's Pure!



MR. CARTER

shook his head. "You're already overdrawn, Mrs. Manning," he said. "But in ten days the income from your securities will be due. Can't it wait till then?" Mr. Carter had the smug look of a man who has never been overdrawn.

"Well, no . . ."

"May I ask why you need this accommodation?"

"I—I'd rather not say . . ."

"Ha! A new hat, perhaps?"

"No," said Joy, "not a new hat."

"I'm sure," said Mr. Carter suavely, "that your husband

"No," said Joy, "he won't."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Manning. But these days we have to be very strict. I've allowed you to go over the agreed limit already. I can't extend the credit any more."

"Couldn't you—just this once?"

But Mr. Carter, who spent the best part of his working day refusing to "do it just this once" for his clients, was proof against blue eyes that looked at him beseechingly.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Manning. After all, you're not over-provided for. Your husband is doing very well . . ."

She could not tell him that she was unprovided for. Bank managers, she was certain, were the last people to take culture into account—or an overdraft.

Well, she had plenty of friends who would give her meals.

She rang Mabel, an old school friend, and asked if she could come to lunch. Mabel said, "Do, darling—you can help me sew name-tabs on to John's clothes—he's off to boarding school next week."

On her way, Joy changed "Life and Thought" for a collection of modern poems, "The Stone Skull."

Mabel greeted her warmly. They gossiped, had lunch (Joy managed to restrain her appetite within the limits of two helpings of each course), and after lunch they got down to the name-tabs. Joy left at six-thirty.

With a gay laugh she "borrowed" a tin of soup and some bread from Mabel for supper, telling her that she'd forgotten to do the shopping, but it didn't matter as David was dining in town. This did not surprise Mabel, for Mabel knew Joy was vague, though she was upset at "The Stone Skull."

Arriving home in the evening, Joy realised that she had not even looked at "The Stone Skull." The entire day had been spent in earning lunch and supper.

Her eyes were so tired with stitching on name-tabs (and repairing young John's shirts)

She flung aside "The Can-

vas World" and switched on

the wireless. A woman's voice was concluding a talk "And, although the way to a man's heart may well be via his stomach, I do feel that a good cook, and by that I mean the woman who does not waste time in her kitchen—who plans for the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of effort—is a better cook than the wife who slaves in a kitchen."

After all, good food is a pleasure in itself, but isn't the pleasure of good talk and a good book even greater when one has time to enjoy them after dining well? Husbands have to be fed, the poor dears, but they do need to be talked to—something I think we wives who pride ourselves on our cooking are inclined to forget."

Joy leant back on her heels. She felt weak, but how right the speaker had been. How very true. She had wasted time in the kitchen through ignorance and bad planning. And now, as a result, David had been in a huff for a week and she was starved both physically and mentally. She was also thoroughly impressed by the wisdom of the broadcast.

It was at that moment, with Joy sitting by the radio, shocked by a new impression, that David came back from the office.

"Oh, hullo!"

"Hullo . . ." Joy's voice was faint.

DAVID stopped.

"Sorry," he said, "I expect you're thinking. I just dropped back for a moment before getting dinner. I'm dining locally to-night. By the way, there's a card for you—evening post."

He flicked it down to Joy and then went out of the room. The card informed Joy that the library had obtained "Art in Relation to Man."

It was then that Joy burst into tears. David walked quietly into the room.

"Darling, what's the matter?"

Joy leant against him, and it was heaven.

"I don't want the horrible book."

"Not want 'Art in Relation to Man'? Sounds just your cup of tea."

"Well, it isn't. And I haven't had a cup of tea in my own house for a week."

"One must make sacrifices," said David.

"I—I don't want to make any more."

"Why ever not?"

"I—I'm hungry," Joy wailed miserably. David patted her dispassionately.

"It's an awful thing to be hungry . . ."

that she could only glance at the poems. Miserably, she heated up the soup and then retired to bed.

On Tuesday Joy lunched with Gwendoline in town. Gwendoline was a comfortably

salary copywriter and could well afford to stand her lunch.

Joy read "The Stone Skull" in the train on the way up to town, but after lunch Gwendoline passed her a free ticket to a film show. "A critic boy-

friend of mine gave it to me. It's a thriller, darling, and I loathe them. Be sweet and see it for me, then I can ring him up and tell him how much I enjoyed it."

Since Joy had also borrowed five shillings from Gwendoline, she did not feel she could refuse.

The thriller was very noisy with car crashes, sub-machine-

guns, not much dialogue, and what there was of it was practically unintelligible.

Joy got home at six-thirty, again with a headache and in no mood for "The Stone Skull."

On Wednesday she visited a far-flung aunt, who was delighted to see her and enlisted her aid in hanging curtains.

They had a very light lunch.

On Thursday she rang Mabel again, saying she was lonely and could she spend a "restful" day with her—"Company without conversation?" Mabel said "Do," but another school friend turned up in the afternoon, and of course there was no chance of reading. Joy enjoyed a gossip and felt thoroughly ashamed at the uncultural level of the conversation.

On Friday she had eight-pence left and spent it on a sausage roll. The milkman had, of course, been leaving the milk. Joy, staying firmly at home, finished "The Stone Skull" and was very thankful to do so. She went to the library and exchanged it for "The Canvas World."

By six o'clock that evening she was feeling very, very hungry.

It occurred to her that the philistine domination of Man might be challenged more overtly, that Miss Alloes' claxon call called for more effort and self-denial than Joy was prepared to give.

It also occurred to her that the domination she had suffered under David was preferable to her present state. Her mind simply would not rise to higher things. She dreamed of subtle flavorings, of every dish on every menu she had ever read and never understood.

She was unable to concentrate on "The Canvas World."

"The breaking up of symbolic forms into integrated parts, themselves symbolic, makes Gogh a painter . . ."

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vas World" and switched on

the wireless. A woman's voice was concluding a talk "And, although the way to a man's heart may well be via his stomach, I do feel that a good cook, and by that I mean the woman who does not waste time in her kitchen—who plans for the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of effort—is a better cook than the wife who slaves in a kitchen."

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"I—I don't want to make any more."

"Why ever not?"

"I—I'm hungry," Joy wailed miserably. David patted her dispassionately.

"It's an awful thing to be hungry . . ."

Oh, darling, will you for-

give me?"

"Not yet," said David.

"We're going to come to terms first. This looks like an excellent time for a conference."

"Anything you like, David, only please take me out to dinner. Please, David."

"Now," said David, lighting his pipe, "let me see. You will take on the housekeeping again?"

"Yes, Darling, where shall we go for dinner?"

"And you will take more care of my clothes?"

"Yes, David, could we go to that restaurant—"

"And you will try to improve your cooking?" he went on relentlessly.

"Yes, David—could we—"

"And there'll be no more nonsense about 'the things that matter'?"

"But, David, I've got a plan. I just heard a talk on the wireless . . ."

"Oh, no! No . . . please, Joy, no more lectures."

"This one was different."

"I don't believe it."

"It was all about cooking in relation to 'the things that matter'."

David clutched his brow.

"Go on . . . tell me. After eating out in restaurants and being fleeced and given indigestion from dirty cooking fat, I can stand anything."

"This woman said," Joy explained happily, "that if one learnt to cook scientifically one spent far less time in the kitchen."

"Well?"

"And, as a result, there was more time for wives to be companions to their husbands."

"Now, darling, I'm all for your learning how to cook well. But I don't want to spend the rest of our life indulging in cosy little chats about why I didn't murder my father."

"Well, anyway, I've made up my mind exactly what I'm going to do."

"What's that?" asked David suspiciously.

"I'm going to take a cookery course."

"You're what? And what do I do while you learn?"

"Eat out or put up with my early attempts at good cooking."

"Darling, your early attempts, the attempts you've made all our marriage, they're not that bad."

"But the amount of time I wasted in the kitchen was," said Joy firmly.

"What," asked David brokenly, "do you intend doing with the time you save outside the kitchen?"

"We'll spend it on the things that matter. Now, will you kiss me, please," said Joy, and David did.

(Copyright)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

—FORMER MORE I INSIST ON RELIABILITY—



HOW LONG DID YOU STAY IN YOUR LAST SITUATION?



A MONTH! HOW LONG DID YOUR LAST COOK STAY IT OUT HERE?



FOOD TAKES A JOURNEY

The food you swallow takes an amazing journey... occupying 2 or 3 days, and covering a distance of 10 or 40 feet! Unless this traffic is kept moving constantly, your digestion becomes disorganised. Then you feel out-of-sorts, tired, irritable: all symptoms of constipation. But there's nothing like a sparkling glass of Andrews Liver Salt to prevent sluggishness! A small daily dose of Andrews, the gentle laxative, helps the wonderful mechanism of your body to function easily and regularly.



ANDREWS
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CLEANLINESS

PAIN YOU CAN'T "EXPLAIN"



Terrible, dragging spasms so bad she missed a day from work every month.

Discover for yourself the complete, lasting and safe relief of period pain that you can get with two Myzone tablets. When you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness, let Myzone's marvellous ACTEYIN (anti-spasm) compound bring you blessed comfort without dosing.

Just take two Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

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INTRODUCED BY CLINTON WILLIAMS

HERE'S HELP FOR A PERSISTENT WORRY

Constipation, forerunner of many ills, affects people of all ages and walks of life and causes much discomfort and worry.

When the bowels refuse to work smoothly, and regularly, the body sheds poisons from the waste that remains in the system. Constipation brings sick headaches, biliousness, irritable tongue and unpleasant breath, flatulency, loss of appetite, drab complexion.

These troubles are easily corrected by safe, gentle Pinkettes for all the family. Pinkettes are simple to take and do not have harsh after-effects which can be dangerous. Being composed of harmless vegetable ingredients only, Pinkettes are the ideal laxative pills because they are not habit-forming and quickly, gently make you regular. All chemists and druggists.

THE SPELL

Gustav Brewer.

Spine-thrilling drama.

From your Bookseller 14/-
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PENS
Benny, Melbourne, Brisbane,
Adelaide.

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A dress with a coat-cut is a new silhouette. This news answers the letter below, received from a reader who has reached her fifties.

"I AM writing for a dress style and paper pattern suitable for a woman in her early fifties with an average figure. I do not like conspicuous frocking. My material is grey wool with matching satin for the trim."

For the mature figure there is nothing more flattering than the coat-dress, which is popular once more. The one illustrated at right has a vestee front, low oval collar, cuffed sleeves, and a moderately slim skirt. Use your grey satin to make the vestee. It would be quite an idea to have a second vestee made in white pique. The dress requires 3½ yds. 54in. material and ¼ yd. 36in. material for the vestee. The pattern is obtainable in sizes 34 to 40in. bust, and costs 4/6.



MATRON'S COAT-DRESS
with matching vestee. Sizes 34 to 40in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material, plus ¼ yd. 36in. material for vestee. Pattern, price 4/6.

Fashion FROCKS



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 46.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and 4/6, cost of pattern.

BE SURE TO GIVE FULL ADDRESS, INCLUDING THE STATE YOU LIVE IN, AND ALSO SUPPLY SIZE.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

Popular brown

"BROWN suits my coloring, but I wondered if it would be correct for a winter frock."

Certainly have a brown suit. Paris featured it in the spring collections. All light browns, including bread tones, tan, wheat, and beige, made important color news.

New colors

"WHAT color woollen dress would you advise to wear under a dark brown coat? Also, will one of the still petticoats sold in the shops hold out a medium wide skirt?"

Almond-green and dark brown are a new and attractive color combination. A full skirt is helped but not made by a stiffened petticoat.

"DAWN."—Small girl's panties are obtainable in white flannelette.

Ready To Wear Only.—Sizes 2½ yds., 4/6; 3-4½ yds., 4/11; 5-6½ yds., 5/3; 7-8½ yds., 5/9. Postage, 6d. extra.

"WENDY."—An attractive one-piece dress for a small girl is obtainable in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes brown, beige, red, blue, and grey.

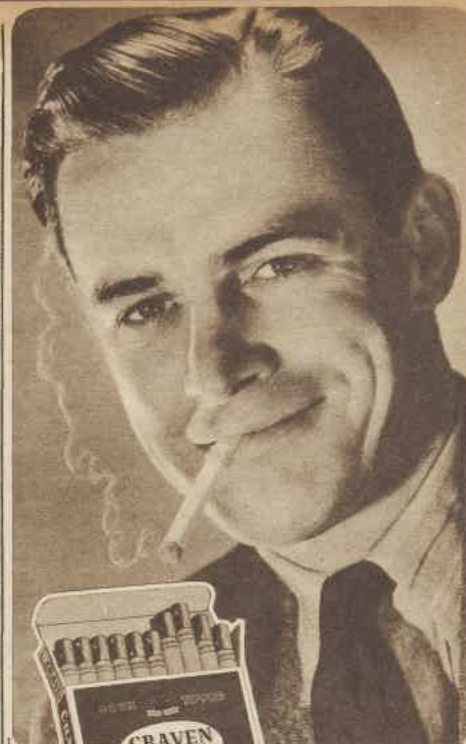
Ready To Wear.—Sizes 4½ yds., 20in. length, 42/3, postage and registration, 2/3 extra; 6½ yds., 23in. length, 44/3, postage and registration, 2/3 extra; 8½ yds., 27in. length, 47/6, postage and registration, 2/3 extra; 10½ yds., 31in. length, 49/11, postage and registration, 2/9 extra; 12½ yds., 34in. length, 54/6, postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes 4½ yds., 20in. length, 33/3, postage and registration, 2/3 extra; 6½ yds., 23in. length, 35/-, postage and registration, 2/3 extra; 8½ yds., 27in. length, 37/3, postage and registration, 2/3 extra; 10½ yds., 31in. length, 38/9, postage and registration, 2/9 extra; 12½ yds., 34in. length, 42/3, postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

"GABRIELLE."—One-piece smartly styled with a pointed collar, fitted bodice, and gathered skirt, with leatherette belt to finish. The material is corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes brown, beige, red, blue, and grey.

Ready To Wear.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 97/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 99/11.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 76/-; 36in. and 38in. bust, 78/6, postage and registration, 3/9 extra.



CRAVEN A

CRAVEN A

They never Vary!

6055

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1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
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3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
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5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE. BE ARRID-SAFE. USE ARRID—TO BE SURE!

ARRID



O MAKE A CAKE BAKE A CAKE BAKER'S MAN,

Deck it with tapers as quick as you can!

Dozens of kiddies are coming to tea, Dear little-Cuddles has just turned three;

Poor little girlie! We thought she'd die,

Dread croup is so prevalent in July: Watching her gasping was hard to endure

Till she had

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Page 39

So much better home-made . . . and

So easy with Bakeo

You can make so many things with clever, versatile Maxam Bakeo! So easy, so quick—and NEVER a failure! No sifting flour, no tedious rubbing in shortening—all that is done for you! And Bakeo saves you butter!



RICH SHORTCRUST PASTRY! Even if you've never made pastry before you'll be a success the first time you use Bakeo! All you have to do is to add water (or milk), mix to a stiff dough, roll out, add the filling and bake! Bakeo is a measured blend of finest sifted flour, pure shortening and salt, blended by machine more thoroughly than ever possible by hand.



DELICIOUS CAKES! Besides pastry, you can make all kinds of delicious things with Bakeo, and it saves you hours! Bakeo is wonderful for cake making. It is so easy to adapt your own favourite recipes (substitute Bakeo for the flour and shortening)—or collect the splendid recipes on the Bakeo packets. Think of the butter you save!



BISCUITS, PARTY SAVOURIES! No hostess can be without Bakeo! It's so easy—and so quick! Just try Bakeo cheese straws—simply combine 1 cup of Bakeo with 1 cup of grated Maxam cheese, season with salt and cayenne, mix with a beaten egg, roll thinly, cut shapes, and bake 5 to 8 minutes in moderate oven!



LIGHT-AS-AIR STEAMED PUDDINGS! Bakeo is a perfect blend of sifted flour and pure light shortening—the foundation of every successful steamed pudding ever made! In fact, there's no end to the things you can make with clever, versatile Bakeo—just watch the side of the packet for recipes!

Every day, more and more housewives are turning to clever, versatile . . .

MAXAM

BAKEO



FROM THE SAME MAKERS AS FAMOUS MAXAM PACKET CHEESE



DISHES WITH CHEESE

BY OUR
FOOD AND COOKERY
EXPERTS

WHEN buying cheese for the family it is well to choose different flavors from the wide range available.

The most popular types of cheese are shown in the picture at right. They include:—

Cheddar: Plain, tasty, or processed. This is a yellow cheese of smooth texture; some are firm, some crumbly; the flavor varies from mild to sharp. It is a good dinner cheese, delicious with fruit and salad, and excellent in cheese cookery.

Continental or Cottage Cheese (sometimes known as cream cheese): It is white in color, creamy in texture, and mild in flavor. Sometimes needs softening with a little fresh milk (or cream, if available). Good as a luncheon spread with jam or fruit, in sandwiches and savorys, and with salads.

Gorgonzola: A rich, strongly flavored cheese with a blue-green vein, either imported or made locally. An excellent cheese at the end of dinner, in salads or savory snacks. It is usually served in small portions.

Gruyere: A Swiss cheese of distinctive flavor and smooth texture. It is good as a luncheon cheese, with a simple salad, or with fruit at the end of a one-course or two-course meal. Processed Gruyere, made locally, is very good.

Edam and Gouda: Edam cheese has a rather dry, brittle texture. Gouda has a higher moisture content. Both have a salty, mild flavor. To serve, cut off the top, scoop out the centre, cut into dice, and return to case before serving. These cheeses are delicious with fruit, vegetable, or egg salads, with snacks or sandwiches, and as a dinner cheese.

Remember, all spoon measurements in recipes on this page refer to level spoons.

VEGETABLE FLAN AU GRATIN

One cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup good shortening, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 3 or 4 tablespoons milk, 2 to 3 cups sliced, cooked vegetables (carrots, onion, potato, peas), 2 cups medium-thickness white sauce, extra grated cheese, parsley, crumb-topped tomato halves.

Sift flours with salt and cayenne pepper. Rub in shortening, add cheese. Mix to a dry dough with milk. Roll thinly on floured board, cut and line flan-tin or 8 in. sandwich-tin. Prick base well with a fork. Line with greaseproof paper, and add a layer of dried peas to preserve shape of pastry-case. Bake in hot oven. Remove paper and peas. Fold cooked vegetables into white sauce, season with salt and pepper. Fill into pastry-case. Top thickly with grated cheese. Return to oven until browned on top. Serve with baked crumb-topped tomatoes and a garnish of parsley.



• High food value and appetising flavor make cheese a valuable ingredient to include in family meals.

VEGETABLE FLAN AU GRATIN served with baked tomato halves, bean and bacon mornay, and eggs with cheese sauce are all satisfying main dishes for luncheon or dinner.

PARTY-STYLE EDAM CHEESE

Use small, red-covered Edam cheese about the size of an apple. Cut a slice off the top, scoop out all the inside, leaving about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. near the rind. Mix the crumbled cheese with 1 dessertspoon or more of chopped mixed fresh herbs (or a smaller amount of dried herbs). Moisten well with port wine, replace in cheese cup. Set aside 24 hours to mature before serving with dry savory biscuits.

CAPTOWN RAREBIT

Place $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Gruyere cheese, cut into small pieces, into a saucepan with 1-3rd cup dry, white wine and 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Stir over low heat until cheese is well melted. Spread slices of freshly made toast with anchovy paste mixed with butter, cover with the rarebit. Serve at once garnished with parsley.

EGGS WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Three hard-boiled eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups white sauce, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon grated or scraped onion (or less, according to taste), 6 squares crisp toast.

Shell eggs, cut in halves

lengthwise. Place one half on each piece of buttered toast. Stir cheese into hot sauce, season with salt and cayenne pepper, add onion. Pour over eggs. Serve hot. If desired, platter may be garnished with salad snippets as illustrated.

SAVORY CHEESE BALLS

One tablespoon good shortening, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 egg, small quantity milk (or egg glazing), browned breadcrumbs.

Melt shortening, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk all at once, stir quickly over medium heat until mixture thickens. Stir in cheese and beaten egg. Cook over low heat 2 or 3 minutes longer, but do not allow to boil. Spread on flat plate and chill. Shape a small teaspoonful at a time into balls about the size of a small walnut. Roll lightly in browned breadcrumbs, dip in milk or egg glazing, and roll again in

crumbs. Deep-fry golden-brown. Drain on paper, spear with cocktail sticks before serving.

BAKED ONIONS WITH CHEESE

Four medium-sized white onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 rashers bacon, parsley.

Peel onions, simmer gently (whole) in small quantity of salted water until soft. Cut into 4, place in greased oven-

ware dish, cover with grated cheese. Beat egg, mix with milk, season with salt and pepper. Pour carefully into dish. Bake in moderate oven until just set, top with pieces of bacon, and return to oven until bacon is cooked. Serve garnished with parsley.

WELSH RAREBIT

Half-pound coarsely grated cheese, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch salt and cayenne pepper, 3 tablespoons milk, buttered toast.

Place cheese, butter, mustard, sauce, salt and cayenne pepper in saucepan. Stir over low heat until butter is melted and ingredients well mixed. Gradually add milk and stir until thoroughly heated. Serve on buttered toast.

BEAN AND BACON MORNAY

One large tin baked beans, 2 cups medium-thickness white sauce, 3 rashers lean bacon, grated cheese, toast slices, parsley.

Combine beans and white sauce. Pile on to toast slices arranged on greased oven-tray. Top with roughly chopped bacon, sprinkle thickly with cheese. Bake in hot oven (or place under hot grill) until bacon is crisp and cheese melted and browned. Serve hot with parsley.

BASIC RECIPE No. 4 . . .

A BASIC recipe which may be varied in many ways is published each week. Cut them out and paste them in your cookery book for easy reference.

HARICOT

This satisfying and economical meat dish may be prepared in a saucepan or pressure cooker on top of the stove, or in a casserole in the oven.

Meats Suitable: Chuck, skirt, bladebone, or round steak; neck or leg chops; ox-tail; ox-kidney; rabbit.

Ingredients: To each pound of meat allow 1 pint water, 3 dessertspoons fat, 2 table-

spoons flour, 1 onion, 1 or 2 carrots, 1 stick celery or 1 small swede, pepper and salt.

Trim fat from meat, cut meat into cubes or into service-sized pieces; chops may be left whole after trimming. Lightly fry meat in hot fat, remove, add sliced onion, and brown. Add flour and stir well while browning. Stir in the water, bring to the boil, season with salt and pepper. Return meat to saucepan, cover, and simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Add diced vegetables, cook gently $\frac{1}{4}$ hours longer or until meat is tender.

In Pressure Cooker: Add vegetables after meat and onion have been browned and

gravy made. Pressure cook 15 to 20 minutes.

In Casserole: Brown meat and onion and make gravy in a saucepan. Transfer to oven-ware dish, cover, and cook in moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Add diced vegetables, cook approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ hours longer.

Variations: Add 1 teaspoon each Worcestershire sauce and vinegar and 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce. Add 1 chopped apple, 1 teaspoon each sugar and lemon juice, and 1 tablespoon (or more or less, according to taste) curry powder. Serve with rice.

Forty-five minutes before serving, top with small dumplings of suet pastry flavored with chopped parsley.

HITTIN' THE TRAIL



Velveeta

KRAFT'S NEW CHEESE FOOD

S-P-R-E-A-D-S like butter

— and you don't NEED butter!

What a saving of time and money for you! Simply S-P-R-E-A-D this new golden cheese-food straight on bread, toast, or biscuits for delicious sandwiches, savouries and snacks! Then watch Dad and the kids go for that exciting rich-yet-mild flavour! **IMPORTANT HEALTH NEWS!** Velveeta is NOT an ordinary

cheese, but a cheese food rich in proteins and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphates, and is a good source of Vitamin A and riboflavin. Also—Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself. Pasteurised and hygienically packed, Velveeta stays fresh. Try Velveeta—today! Look for the YELLOW packet.

* At similar degrees of temperature.



RICH yet MILD

Look for the YELLOW packet.

VL19

PRIZE RECIPES



FRUIT-SALAD PANCAKES made with wholemeal flour and flavoured with banana and apple are a satisfying dinner sweet for a chilly night. Drench them with lemon juice and sprinkle with sugar. See £5 prize recipe.

Wholemeal flour, which is good for growing children, is the main ingredient in two of this week's prizewinning recipes, fruit-salad pancakes and lunchbox turnovers.

DO not sift wholemeal flour unless the coarse particles which remain in the sifter are returned to the flour. These are the husks or outside coverings of the wheat grains, and they contain valuable vitamins.

All spoon measurements are level.

FRUIT-SALAD PANCAKES

Half cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 large banana, 1 apple, lemon, sugar. Sift white self-raising flour with salt, add wholemeal flour. Mix in grated orange and lemon rinds, mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Fold in melted butter or substitute, mashed banana, and peeled, grated apple. Cook in small quantity of melted butter or substitute in shallow pan, turning to brown. Sprinkle with lemon juice and sugar, fold over, and serve garnished with lemon wedges.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. N. O'Donnell, 11 Brooke St., Eaglemont, Vic.

LUNCHBOX TURNOVERS

Two cups wholemeal self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4oz. shortening, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup water, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup coconut, 1 grated apple.

Mix unsifted flour with salt, rub in shortening. Combine honey, lemon juice, and water; add to dry ingredients, making a firm dough. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly,

roll thinly. Cut into 3in. squares. Mix sultanas, sugar, coconut, and grated apple. Place a small portion on each pastry square, moisten edges, and fold over the filling. Pinch edges together, glaze with water, and sprinkle with sugar. Bake approximately 15 minutes in hot oven.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Gapps, 25 Irvine St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

FAMILY STEAMED PUDDING

Two and a half tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 large egg (or 2 small), good 1 cup milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla. Add beaten egg, then fold in milk alternately with sifted flour and salt. Turn into greased pudding basin, cover with paper greased on both sides. Place in steamer (or in saucepan with sufficient boiling water to come half-way up basin), cover closely, and steam 1½ hours. Serve with custard.

Variations:

Jam Pudding: Place 2 tablespoons of any jam in basin.

Coconut: Add 3 or 4 tablespoons coconut, extra 2 tablespoons milk, and a few drops of almond essence instead of vanilla.

Date: Add 1lb. stoned, chopped dates.

Chocolate: Sift 2 tablespoons cocoa with the flour, increase quantity of vanilla to 1 teaspoon, add little extra milk.

Sultana or Fruit: Add 2 or 3 tablespoons sultanas or mixed fruit.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. J. Clifford, 5 Arthur St., North Hobart, Tas.

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

- Orchid Culture is Interesting and Simple.
- How, When, and Where to Plant Bulbs.
- Winter Vegetable Culture.
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Name of leaflet (one only)

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 28, 1952

Aunt Mary's CHEESE OMELETTE



INGREDIENTS: 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated tasty cheese, 4 tablespoons cold water, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

METHOD: Separate whites from yolks, add baking powder to whites and beat till stiff. Beat yolks till thick. Blend the two, add salt, paprika, and water, then turn into an omelette pan in which butter has been melted. Cook until bottom and edges begin to set, then sprinkle top with grated tasty cheese and place in moderate oven or under a grill to finish cooking. Fold together, turn on to hot platter. This omelette, made with baking powder, is unusually light and fluffy, with decided increase in volume.

SCRAMBLED EGGS

INGREDIENTS: 4 eggs, 4 tablespoons water or milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 level teaspoon Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

METHOD: Beat up eggs until light and frothy. Add water or milk, seasoning and baking powder. Whip up once again to mix all the ingredients thoroughly. Butter a hot frying pan generously. Turn in eggs, let them settle a little before you start scrambling. Cook slowly until the mixture is thoroughly done, but not too dry. Serve immediately.



THE
MAGIC POWER
BEHIND
THE FLOUR

Aunt Mary's PARTY CAKES

—with a glamour topping



INGREDIENTS: 4 ozs. butter or margarine, 6 ozs. sugar, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 8 ozs. flour, 4 level teaspoons Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder, 1 egg.

METHOD: Cream butter and sugar, add egg and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients three times and fold into the mixture. Add the milk and mix until smooth. (If the egg is very large, then do not use all the milk). This mixture should be stiff. Grease patty tins and spoon mixture in. Bake in a hot oven 12-15 minutes.

FROSTING

INGREDIENTS: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg white, different flavouring essences, 3 tablespoons water, 1 level teaspoon Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder, different colourings.

METHOD: Combine sugar, water, egg white in an enamel basin. Stir well over a saucepan of boiling water until thick and 10 minutes over the boiling water until thick and is beginning to "crust" around the sides of the basin. Remove from heat and bake in baking powder. Divide into three or four basins, add different colourings and essences to each basin, and quickly spread over cakes.



ALWAYS
FRESH IN
AIR-TIGHT
CANS

Aunt Mary's ECONOMICAL MEAT LOAF



INGREDIENTS: 1 lb. chopped beef, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped bacon, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 onions (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sage, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 2 level teaspoons Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

METHOD: Chop and combine the meat. Mix in thoroughly other ingredients, first adding baking powder to bread crumbs. Place in bread tin and press firmly until moulded to shape of tin. When ready to cook tin and press firmly around it, turn out on to a roasting loaf, run a sharp knife blade around it, turn out on to a roasting pan and bake in a moderate oven for about two hours, basting occasionally with hot water in which a little butter has been added. This liquid will form a thin gravy which can be served poured over the slices of meat loaf.

POTATO PUFFS

INGREDIENTS: 1 cup mashed potatoes, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

METHOD: Sift flour, salt and baking powder together, add to beaten eggs and mix thoroughly; then add the potatoes. Deep fry in fuming fat until golden brown. Drain on absorbent kitchen paper before serving.



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SUCCESSFUL
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Why you should use Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder:

- baking powder baking is always safe and sure.
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If you would like fifty more recipes—just as inexpensive, just as practical as those above—send coupon with 1/6 for post-free copy of Aunt Mary's Easy Home Baking Recipe Book. Contains recipes for cakes, sponges, scones, tarts, muffins, doughnuts, fancy breads, biscuits. If Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is not obtainable locally, send 4/3 for book and 4 oz. can.



To THILLOCK & CO. PTY. LTD.,
Box 189, G.P.O., Sydney.

*I enclose 1/6 for Aunt Mary's Recipe Book.
*I enclose 4/3 for Aunt Mary's Recipe Book and 4 oz. can of Aunt Mary's Baking Powder.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

*Cross out which does not apply.

NOW Gastineau startled me horribly, not because he had told me anything new but because of a definite change in his attitude towards me. I took refuge in my most professional manner.

"I hardly think her identity is of any great importance just now," I said briskly. "What does matter is her condition. I tell you frankly that she has taken something since I saw her last, and it is vital that I should know what it is."

"You may be right," he said gently. "She was in a very strange mood when I persuaded her with such great difficulty to come with me into that ambulance which you so kindly arranged to send."

I could hardly credit it, but there it was, I was sure of it, a very definite emphasis on that last observation. It shook me. I certainly had hired the ambulance for him, and, because of one thing and another, half the town was aware of the fact. However, there was nothing awkward in that unless—

The idea which had come into my head was so melodramatic that I discounted it at once. People were kidnapped from time to time, as I knew from the papers, but, when they were, surely they were never brought to ordinary places like Mapleford by ordinary people like Gastineau.

He had been watching me for some little time, and presently he said something which set me back on my heels while the hairs prickled on my scalp.

"I came to live in Mapleford solely because of you, doctor. Did you know that?"

"No," I declared, "and I can't think—"

"Do forgive me for interrupting you," His voice was gentle, even pleasant. "I just want to tell you that I felt

The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 4

sure you would recognise Francia Forde when you saw her, and I also felt that you would appreciate my introducing her here under a name that was not so well known as her own."

"I have never seen her before last night," I said.

"No." He smiled at me as if he were explaining some small social matter. "But you knew of her and you had good cause to—what shall we say?—think of her quite a lot."

There was a long silence. I think I was more terrified in that minute than ever before in my life.

"I think I am right when I guess that had you known who my Madame Maurice was you would have hesitated to associate yourself with any illness she might contract. You do realise how far you are committed, don't you, Doctor Fowler?"

Did I? Francia Forde was dying from a dose of poison, either self-administered or given her by this terrifying man in front of me.

If there was ever any inquiry at all, it must emerge at once that it was I, of all people, who had cause not only to hate her but, since this afternoon, to be anxious to get her out of the way. Every circumstance in the past few days seemed to conspire to point at me.

I got a grip on myself. "I think I must ask you to get other advice," I heard the well-worn formula creep out in a little thin voice I scarcely knew. "Since you're—you're so well informed, you'll understand that in the circumstances I really—really couldn't take the responsibility."

"But of course you could, and of course you will." He

spoke to me as if I were some kind of frightened child scared of an exam.

"You'll do your utmost for my poor friend Madame Maurice, widow of an East European refugee," he went on.

"I fear it may be a long business. Pneumonia may intervene, even, and, if at last the worst should happen, then we know that a constitution weakened by alcoholism does often succumb to an acute pulmonary infection. Isn't that so?"

He was talking like a medical book, trying to put a formula into my mouth which could appear on a death certificate.

I gaped at him. It was an invitation to connive at murder. More than that, it was a threat, with my career and even my life as the alternative.

"This is nonsense," I murmured. "You're making an idiotic mistake. I must ask you to go to the telephone and call another doctor. Someone must treat this woman immediately, but it can't be me."

"Don't you think so?" As he spoke he stretched out his hand and slipped something into mine. I looked down at it. It was the dormital bottle, and it was empty.

Peter Gastineau did not move. He stood a foot or so away from me, looking at me steadily with his expressionless eyes. I remained looking down at the bottle in my hand, but I was horribly aware of Gastineau's appraising gaze. I had never thought so quickly or so clearly, and it was natural that I should have done it in the way I had been taught.

In this predicament I was

thinking medically, sorting out the things I knew for certain from the things that were as yet doubtful, and putting myself in the background and the life of the patient first.

Now that I knew what the trouble was, and understood what had happened to the snoring bundle of humanity on the bed, every other consideration slid into second place. There had been fifty tablets in the bottle, each one five grains.

"Where did you get this?" I gasped at length.

"From a shelf in the bathroom," he returned impudently. "I had never seen it before, of course."

As any doctor can explain, I ought at that moment to have fled. That move was the one thing that might have saved me. If I had done anything but stay—run to Percy, the police, anyone—I might just possibly have saved my own skin, but the woman would have died.

I didn't run. I thought she had an outside chance. People had survived larger doses.

As for the man in front of me, the fact that he was a potential murderer, that the dormital was the dormital I had lost, that he had trapped me deliberately—all these things still remained half proved.

Had they been medical facts I should not have been justified in acting upon them from the evidence I had so far. I decided not to now. Besides, let me be honest, I was not afraid of Gastineau. I thought I knew him and could manage him. So I made up my mind and walked straight into nightmare.

"We must get a nurse at once," I said.

He sighed. It was a little

Beauty in brief:

THE POUF CUT

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Just as we have become aware of the poodle haircut—a close-cropped head of short curls—and reconciled to its brevity, the stylists who originated the vogue move on to something else.

IT'S a kinder version of the poodle hair-do, called the pouf cut; it involves less curling than the original and the hair is longer.

The pouf style will be welcomed on this score and also for retention of upswept side lines and the piquancy of upturned curls at the back of the head.

When musical comedy star Mary Martin washed her hair on a Broadway theatre stage a few seasons ago and came out looking wet and rumpled but lovely, she started the minor revolution in hair styling that produced crew, poodle, and even apache cuts.

Barbers all over the globe were soon duplicating the Martin "South Pacific" hair-do, which makes the wearer look like a young boy.

The pouf creates a softer, more wearable version of this boyish line.

sound of pure relief. That ought to have settled it. It was my last chance, my last warning. I ignored it.

"Where is the telephone?"

"There is one in the hall and an extension in my sitting-room. Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes, please. Get me Mapleford two-three-four and I'll follow you down."

As soon as he was out of the room I went to the door and discovered, as I had hoped, that the key was still there. I took it and locked the patient in, and went downstairs. I suppose I thought it was going to be as easy as that.

The hall telephone was near

the entrance, and as soon as I came up Gastineau stepped back and handed me the receiver. He did not leave me, though. I could hear him breathing as he hovered in the background just out of my sight.

The number I had given him was Nurse Tooley's, and as I heard her voice my heart rose.

"It's Peacocks Hall, nurse," I began, speaking very quickly and hoping that she would use her wits. "Could you come down at once and bring a night bag? I think you had better have your calls put through to Nurse Phillips. You may be out some time."

Please turn to page 47



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--LOTHAR GRAPPLES WITH THE NEAREST CROCODILE, DESTROYING IT UNDER WATER!



MEANWHILE, MANDRAKE AND NARDA ARE WACHED TOWARDS THE BANK, WHERE EAGER CANNIBAL HANDS PULL THEM ASHORE—JUST IN TIME!



LOTHAR IS PULLED FROM THE RIVER, TOO, AND THE THREE ARE TAKEN TO THE CANNIBAL VILLAGE! --"MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE RIVER," SHUDDERS NARDA. "BUT MAYBE THEY AREN'T REALLY CANNIBALS--"



"I'M AFRAID THEY ARE," REPLIES MANDRAKE, AS THEY REACH THE VILLAGE. "BUT LET'S NOT WORRY YET. WHILE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S HOPE."



THEY'RE LED BEFORE THE FAT CANNIBAL KING AND HIS FAT WIVES, WHO EYE THEM APPRECIATIVELY. "I THINK THEY'VE DECIDED TO HAVE ME FOR THE MAIN COURSE—YOU FOR DESSERT," SAYS MANDRAKE--BUT NARDA IS TERRIFIED. "HOW CAN YOU JOKE AT A TIME LIKE THIS?" SHE CRIES.



MANDRAKE ASKS LOTHAR IF HE KNOWS THEIR LANGUAGE. LOTHAR DOES. "TELL THEM WHAT THEY PLAN IS EVIL. IF THEY DOIT, THEY'LL NEVER EAT MEAT AGAIN," SAYS THE MAGICIAN.



TO BE CONTINUED

NURSE TOOLEY'S

was the sort I fervently hoped for. "Something serious," she said. "I'll be there in a jiffy, doctor."

I blessed her calm acceptance of whatever was coming and I trusted I wasn't dragging her into danger.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Well, yes," I said. "Could you go round to the surgery and—Nurse?"

"I'm listening, doctor."

"Could you bring the—equipment we used on young George Rahan some little time back?"

I heard her exclamation. The night he—Oh, dear, yes. Do you expect trouble, doctor?"

"I don't know," I lied, "but it's very urgent. If you'll go to the surgery and bring everything, I'll get Mr. Gastineau to send his car down there for you."

"I'll be there. Don't worry." "Bless you," I said, and hung up. Then I put my head round the angle of the wall. "Will you send the car, please?"

Gastineau was standing a few feet away, his hands in his pockets and his head bent. He glanced up sharply, and there was a faint smile on his mouth.

"Do you really think it will be any good?"

It was that quiet, man-to-man query, suggesting that we were accomplices and emphasizing the fact that we were alone, which gave me my first job after making my decision to stay.

"We must do everything we can," I said.

"But of course, doctor." He had me an odd, half-admiring glance. "I will call Radek. You shall give him the instructions yourself."

There was nothing whatever I could do for the patient until the nurse arrived, and so I waited until I saw the man go and then I fetched my bag from the car and went upstairs again.

There was no change. Her heart was keeping up, and I was certain I'd been right in trusting that there was no question of sending her to hospital. There were no pulmonary symptoms so far, and I was not going to risk any by moving her an inch. Everything that was to be done would have to be performed right there in the room.

One thing had to be done before the nurse arrived, and that was to get the patient into the room like a police officer, searching it minutely for anything I could find. As I had expected, any suitcases which might have come with her had been removed.

The drawers in the bureau were completely empty. There was nothing in the wardrobe except the chintz-skirted dress-suit, not even a powder-puff, a comb, or a hairpin—nothing at all.

I investigated the tiny bathroom. It was tiled in green and there seemed scarcely room for anything to be hidden there.

At last I found something. Down at the floor, in the angle between the bath and the pedestal of the washbasin, was one of those flat, plastic envelopes. It had not been noticed because it was the same color as

the tiles, and it was standing on its side flat against the wall and half hidden by a pastel-shaded towel. I pounced on it and opened it. Inside there was a soggy mess of face-towels, soap, and odds and ends.

The first thing I pulled out was a nail-brush, rather an elaborate affair, but sticky, of course, as everything else was. I turned it over with two fingers and stood looking at it.

There was a monogram on the back, stamped into the ivory and picked out in green: F.F.—Francis Forde.

So I was not dramming and the thing was true. There was something about that utterly personal label which drove the facts home to me as nothing else would have done. Whatever the explanation of the whole crazy business might be, it truly was she, and somehow or other I had got to save her life.

It was at that point that I heard someone try the bedroom door, then there came a somewhat startled knocking. I thrust the brush back into the bag, dropped it where I had found it, and hurried out to find a surprised Nurse Tooley, with Radek, bundled up with gear, behind her.

I had seen Nurse Tooley arriving on a scene of trouble at least a dozen times in so many weeks, but, as usual, she gave me the same thrill of pure thankfulness. She kept Radek quiet and got the bags into the room without letting him enter.

The moment the man had gone, she closed the door very quietly, and, with an eye on me, twisted the key softly in the lock. Then she shot a long, searching glance at the bed.

"Now, what have you got here?" she demanded. I let her look, and saw the deep frown appearing on her forehead. When she looked back at me I noticed with a pang that she was scared.

"What has she taken, by all the saints?"

"Some form of barbiturate," I said briefly, and we got to work immediately.

Nurse Tooley had obeyed me literally and had brought everything. We did not have to appeal to anyone in the house. We had a fire and we had hot water; the rest she had brought with her.

I suppose it was nearly two hours before we said any word which had not purely to do with the job in hand. Long before then, whatever poison was left in the patient was already absorbed. I completed the work and watched anxiously for any sign of improvement.

Francis lay flat on her back, her eyes closed, her breath still stertorous, and as I listened to her heart my own sickened. Despite the stimulants I had given, it was not quite so strong.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to wait for a while. The nurse was clearing up at the far end of the room.

I knew that at any moment now I must make her some sort of explanation, and as I hesitated I saw out of the corner of my eye the dormitory bottle standing where I had left it on the corner of the chest nearest the bed.

There were one or two small ornaments on the glistening wood, a spode bowl and a little lustre jug among them. I picked up the bottle and slid it into the jug for safety.

It was practically a reflex action. I had no intention of doing anything secretive, but as the nurse turned round and

The Patient at Peacocks Hall

Continued from page 44

caught me with my hand outstretched I colored. There was nothing I could do to stop it.

She did not show any sign of noticing. Her own face was as placid and sensible as ever, and she pulled a chair to the fire.

"Rest yourself, doctor," she suggested, her Irish voice soft and easy. "It's terrible hard work you've been doing and there's nothing more to be done for her, poor soul . . . for a time, at any rate."

It was a straight invitation to talk, and I knew that with her I could take it or leave it, as I chose. I went over and sat down, and she eyed me with concern.

"You are tucked up," she observed. "You're as white as linen. Wouldn't you like to run back for a minute or so, if it's only to have a bite of supper? I can well sit here, and if you think it's advisable to have the door locked—well, I can lock it."

There was no query in her tone. I could explain just as much or as little as I liked, and I knew then just why I had called her in, and nobody else. She was my insurance against any weakness which might lie within me.

Color-conscious bedwear

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Pictures in color of Miss Hanmer's designs appear in A.M. for May, now on sale.

I knew that with her beside me I'd just have to do what was professional and correct, whatever the consequences. I respected her and trusted her as I didn't seem to trust myself. She was a bridge I'd burned behind me.

"I don't want the patient left alone," I said at last, "unless the door is locked and the key is in your pocket or mine."

This was a pretty startling statement and could mean only the obvious. She took it with a nod.

"Just as you say. There'll be no one comes anywhere near the poor little thing while I'm about." She paused and added the one thing which could have shown me just how completely in the picture she was, "There'll be no windows left open by mistake to give her pneumonia while I'm around."

She leaned forward to make up the fire, the red glow shining on the white linen of her cap. "Well, now, why don't you treat yourself to half an hour at home?"

I shook my head. John was at the cottage and, frankly, I

did not dare to think about him. His appearance had made the present situation so appallingly dangerous that I felt that the only thing to do was to keep him out of my mind and trust that he would not enter into anybody else's.

Rhoda could be relied on to explain where I was. His own intelligence would tell him that something fairly serious was afoot, and I trusted he'd do the same thing and get quietly back to Grundersberg.

Personal matters were not thinkable at that moment, and the new warmth which suffused me and was making me so reckless gave me a guilty feeling I certainly wasn't going to analyze.

Nurse Tooley folded her hands in her starched lap and raised her neat head. "Would this be the young party that was brought down from London in the ambulance there was all the talk about?"

I felt my heart miss a beat. "Talk?"

She smiled at me apologetically. "There's one thing I don't believe in, and that's gossip," she murmured. "It's an evil in this town, heaven knows. But you know there was a bother about the whole business, don't you?"

"I knew the time was changed at the last moment," I said cautiously.

"Ah, that put them out to begin with, no doubt, but they had trouble at the house, you know. There was no one there but a woman no one took a fancy to, and the patient was in a highly peculiar state."

She cast her eyes down and let me think what I would.

"There was no one who could do anything with her except this Mr. Gastineau, who had come with them, and there was a misunderstanding about yourself not being there to meet them."

In her attempt to let me down lightly she succeeded in painting a scarifying picture, and I could just imagine how the tale would run round Mapleford.

Her pretty voice continued softly, "But it's all completely all right because everyone knew it was you, doctor, who was arranging the matter."

I was trying to decide what would be the most sensible comment to make when she forestalled me.

"But early this morning when the stranger came round asking questions, everyone was interested, naturally."

I don't think I could have moved if I had dared. I had heard of people feeling that their blood had turned to ice water, and for the first time I could believe it.

"What stranger was this?"

I hoped my voice sounded more normal to her than it did to me.

"From what they say, he was very pleasant, but kind of simple."

She made the words sound kindly, and I suddenly knew whom she meant—the man from London—although there was no reason why I should have guessed it.

Nurse Tooley was laughing. "Someone took pity on him and told him where to get a room, poor soul. He seemed to have just stepped off the train without making any arrangements. What people will do!"

I got up. That final exclamation of hers had gone straight home. What people will do! I knew what I had to do. The decision had arrived ready-made in my mind some few minutes before. The time had come to have it out with Gastineau.

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